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DAYS OF YORE:

OR

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

PART II.

BY THE

ANCIENT LADY,

AUTHOR OF "OUR FOREFATHERS, THEIR HOMES AND THEIR CHURCHES."

&c., &c.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

EDWARD PERRY, PRINTER, STATIONER & BINDER, 149 MEETING ST.
1870.

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EDWARD PERRY, PRINTER,
149 Meeting St., Charleston.

HYMN.

“ When, Lord, to this our Western land,
Led by Thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of Thy truth
To keep them in Thy name.

“ Then through our solitary coast
The desert features soon were lost ;
Thy temples there arose.
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.”

DAYS OF YORE:

OR

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

LETTER VI.

BISHOP SMITH.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

To you of the established Church, who reverence time-honored ceremonies and authorized forms, this letter may be especially acceptable; to none may it prove tedious or dull since we know that there is good in all, and being ever careful to call none "schismatics" shall escape being distinguished as bigots.

Beaufort has long borne the character of Piety, Hospitality and Politeness.

Well do we know that much of the best blood of Carolina continues to flow through the veins of families in that district. In times of old, Benjamin, of the house of Elliott, was foremost in the work of charity. It was in 1762 that the clergy of this State formed themselves into a Society on the 21st of April, under the influence of amiable and pious feelings, such as deserve to be recorded to the honor of our nature, for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergymen of the Church of England.

They thought to exclude lay members. New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, formed such Societies about 1769, and it is highly gratifying to us, the knowledge, that amongst the first contributors to those were Colonel Henry Laurens, then forty-five years of age; Mr. Thomas Smith, the grand-father of the Mr. Rhetts and sister, then fifty years old; also Messrs. Robert Pringle, Thomas Lynch and Benjamin Elliott. In 1771, nine years after the commencement of our Society, aid was solicited from the community. Mr. David Deas joined immediately, and at the next meeting Henry Peronneau, Benjamin Dart and Henry Middleton, Esqs., on application were elected members. Dr. Robert Smith, who may, with propriety, be called the father of the *Clergy Society*, was born in the county of Norfolk, England, of respectable parents, and carefully educated. He took his Bachelor's degree at the age of twenty-one, and was elected to a Fellowship at twenty-three. He continued to reside at Cambridge, and was ordained Deacon on the 7th of March, and Priest on the 21st of December, 1756. From William Mason, Esq., M. P., he received liberal patronage, and from his recommendation was engaged as an Assistant Minister for St. Philip's Church, Charleston. He arrived on the 3d of November, 1757, the Rev. Mr. Andrews having resigned after a term of three years to leave the province. On the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, in 1759, Mr. Smith was elected to the Rectorship of the Church, having, by the faithful performance of his duties, established himself in the confidence and esteem of the parishioners. Previously to this he had intermarried with Miss Elizabeth Paget, of St. Thomas' Parish. When the British commanders approached our coast, not to conciliate, but as they believed, to subdue, Mr. Smith convinced them that he was not a man to be trifled with, for early in the Revo-

lution he shouldered his musket, and amidst the scenes of the greatest danger, did both by precept and example, stimulate to intrepid resistance. He was appointed, with the approbation of General Lincoln, Chaplain to the Continental Hospital in South Carolina; and after the peace, when the Cincinnati was established, he became one of its members. It is true that the commencement of the misunderstanding between the parent country and the colonies had found him a loyal and faithful subject of the British realm, in Church and State, but he soon discovered cause to change his conduct, and felt it his duty to exert all the influence which his character, fortune and station gave him, in animating the minds of his friends and people for the approaching conflict. His constant and indefatigable labors had, by 1768, so impaired his health that he spent two years in England. He returned in 1770, resumed the duties of his charge, and went no more. At the siege of Charles Town, by Sir Henry Clinton, he preached as he felt the crisis to require, encouraging the people by his own example in the defence of their liberties and homes, by going himself to the lines, armed as a common soldier. At the surrender of the town he was confined by illness to his bed, yet so great was the fear of his influence that a sentinel, placed over him, was not allowed to quit his chamber until he had been removed from it, under a guard, to be transported to Philadelphia. Blessed with opulence, his charities were unbounded; the needy wept his departure with unfeigned sorrow, for benevolence was enthroned in his heart. His clerical brothers found in him a friend, and mourned in him a father. Many charitable institutions were benefited, both by his exertions and liberality, but the Clergy Society, which, with utility beyond the reach of praise, gives relief to the bereaved widow, and rescues the helpless orphan from the pangs of

want and misery, originating with him, was to the latest hour of his life, fostered with peculiar delight. It was originally composed of: First, Alexander Garden, Jr.; (nephew of the Commissary who had left the province in 1756, having been here from 1719.) The nephew came in 1743, was Minister of St. Thomas and St. Dennis, and died in 1783, honored and beloved by all who knew him, after forty years in America. The second was James Harrison, who came in 1752 (the year of the great hurricane) as Minister of St. James' Goose Creek. He was received by the parishioners with great kindness and was frequently gratified by tokens of their esteem. He transmitted to the Society, May 2d, 1765, the account of the Rev. Mr. Richard Ludlam's legacy of 1728. Near Groomsville, in St. James, there was a few years ago an old brick school house, where poor children on the Ludlam bounty were then taught; but the funds have been neglected and the accounts confused. In 1774, Mr. Harrison resigned the Parish, and the Rev. Mr. Edward Ellington was elected in 1775, he had first been a Missionary at Augusta, Georgia, then settled at Beaufort in 1770, and in '75 at Goose Creek. He removed back to Georgia in 1793, where he did not long survive. Mr. Harrison removed to the Parish of St. Bartholomew's in 1776, resigned in 1784, and died in 1788. The third member, the Rev. Robert Barron, who arrived in 1753, preached in St. Bartholomew's eleven years as Rector. He died in 1764, deeply lamented by his people, and was buried at Pon Pon Chapel. The fourth was Winwood Sergeant, who came in 1757. He had been Assistant Minister at St. Philip's previously to 1759, but was from Dorchester, St. George's Parish, in 1762, when the Society was formed. He retired from America in 1767. The fifth was the Rev. Robert Smith, afterwards the first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in

Carolina. He had reached us in 1757, and was the Rector of St. Philip's at the period of which we write. On his landing here the Vestry had presented him with £200. He was elected Bishop in 1795, and was consecrated at Christ Church, Philadelphia. He died of a fever after a few days illness, in 1801, having entered his 70th year. The sixth was Robert Cooper, who came in 1758, was made Rector of Prince Williams', and went to town the next year to take upon him the duties of Assistant Minister of St. Philip's, he continued such to 1761, when on the 1st of February he was invited, and accepted of the new Church, called St. Michael. The following year he joined the Clergy Society. But in 1776 refusing to take the oath prescribed by law, he removed to England and received a pension of £100, per annum, as a loyalist, and afterwards became Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill. He died about 1812, aged upwards of eighty years. The seventh was John Tonge, who had arrived in 1759. He was fourteen years Rector of St. Paul's Parish, and died in 1773, and was buried near the east end of the Church. He left a widow who long survived him, residing in her Dutch-roofed, humble habitation, in St. George's Parish, not far from Bacon's Bridge. Their only son left a large estate in St. Paul's Parish. Eighth, the Rev. Abraham Imer, who arrived in 1760, joined in 1762, and died in 1766, probably he had no cure. The ninth was Joseph Daere Wilton, who came in 1761; he lived six years, and at his death left his family in great distress, and unfortunately the Society could give little assistance at that early period of its existence. He was the Assistant Minister of St. Philip's, and was buried in the Cemetery of that Church. The Vestry, "from their sincere esteem for him, who had faithfully and conscientiously performed his duty," raised, by subscription, among the inhabitants of

Charles Town, the sum of £2177, currency, for the support of his widow and children, who were about to return to their friends in England. A tomb was erected to his memory, the inscription upon which told that he died on the 6th of October, 1767, aged 37 years; and that he was universally lamented by all who knew him. The tenth member was Joseph Stokes, who had come in 1762, and died within the same year. Eleventh was Offspring Pearce, A. M., who arrived in 1762, and was the ensuing year elected Rector of Prince George's Parish, Winyaw; he was both amiable and pious. On the 24th of June, 1767, he took on him the care of St. George's Dorchester, (thus relinquishing the Prince for the Saint.) He died in 1782.

In 1769, England was visited by him, he returned in 1771 and was twenty years from his first coming to the time of his death. "Dear old Mr. Pearce," as often styled by Mrs. Richard Waring, of Tranquil Hill. She had been taken as a lovely bride to the neighborhood of Dorchester, the year of his return to his congregation there. She always attended on his preaching in his beautiful church, and united her tears with those of many others, when that loved edifice was fired by the English and partially defaced.

He performed the service over the remains of her husband, who went down to an early grave in 1781, and was interred at Pine Hill, his family burial place.

Of Mr. Waring we are told that he had adorned religion, and that on his lips the words of truth and sincerity ever hovered. To the partner of his joys and griefs he willed his entire estate.

We will resume our account of the Rev. Dr. Smith, who remained in Maryland until the establishment of peace, taking charge of St. Paul's Parish, Queen Anne's county,

on the eastern shore. He returned in May, 1783, and was joyfully welcomed home again. St. Philip's Parish in particular, gladly hailed the arrival of their honored and beloved minister. The deranged state of the finances of his church at this period, as well as of his own estate, made it necessary for him to add to the multiplied labors of his pastoral function, the arduous and anxious responsibility of tuition. From his fidelity and diligence as the preceptor of youth, he was resorted to by parents of all ranks and conditions in life, and it was many years before he could entirely relinquish the occupation, from which the members of the church, especially, derived such favorable opportunities of education for their sons. In 1790, the School having become "The Charleston College," was kept in one of the old brick barracks that had been fitted up for its accommodation; with quite a domain to the north and west for a campus, or play ground, where the boys often amused themselves with digging musket balls out of the old ramparts.

On the 22d of February, 1734, the General Assembly granted £100 towards building the parsonage house for St. Philip's Parish, and that a grant of £600, currency, was made by the Assembly, on the 25th of January, 1739, towards defraying the expense of building the parsonage, etc., for St. Philip's Parish, which we presume was immediately occupied by Commissary Alexander Garden, who on his tenth visitation, April 16th, 1740, had nine Clergymen present, the sermon was preached by the Rev. William Orr, then assistant minister at St. Philip's. That year was remarkable for the trial of the Rev. George Whitefield, in the ecclesiastical Court; and remarkable for a destructive fire on the 18th of November. A solemn Fast was held on the 28th of the month. The Rev. Mr. Garden resigned on the 29th of October, 1753. He preached his farewell ser-

mon on the 31st of March, 1754. In his Deed of resignation, he gives up to the church wardens and vestry "ample and clear disposition of the said Rectory, with all demand or title, which he might claim, by any manner of means, for touching, or in any wise concerning the said Rectory of the Parish church of St. Philips." "And I promise, that at no time hereafter shall I ever make any claim to the said Rectory, or to any salary, fees or perquisites." He had lived thirty-four years as Rector, and twenty-three as Commissary of the Province. The Vestry presented him with a handsome piece of plate, on which was engraved the west front of St. Philip's church, and an inscription. The Rev. Richard Clarke succeeded him as Rector in 1756, and left in 1759, when as you have been told, the Rev. Dr. Robert Smith, having served two years as a Deacon, was elected Rector, and he continued such through the ensuing thirty-six years, until 1795, when he was chosen as the first Bishop of South Carolina, which office he administered respectably until his death, on the 28th of October, 1801, when the solemn tolling of St. Michael's bell caused the hearts of many listeners to die within their breast. It was not until 1798, that he resigned his place as Principal of the College, three years after being consecrated a bishop. Advanced as was his age, he had not attained the termination of the career of usefulness of which he was capable. He was forty-four years in Charlestown. On the 14th of July, 1759 we see him as the newly ordained Rector sending forth in the "Carolina Charles Town South Gazette No. 1000, adorned with the Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the crown," the following notice :

"Strayed off Charles Town green, a red cow with a black rump, who shall deliver at the Parsonage of St. Philips shall have forty shillings.

ROBERT SMITH."

And again in the tiny paper of the same date we read :

"Ten pounds reward will be given to find out who knocked off the balls and injured the fence at the Parsonage, two nights. I have reason to suspect the soldiers, having received much abuse from that quarter, 'tis hoped that the Serjeants will endeavour to find out the offenders."

R. SMITH."

Bishop Smith was born six months after President George Washington, on the 25th of August, 1732, and has been dead fifty-nine years this month, October the 28th, 1860. Convinced that here he had "no continuing city," that change was his portion in this the house of his pilgrimage, and that he "would not live always, away from his God." He was early in life weaned from this uncertain world, and brought to live under the powers of the world to come, therefore he could bear with calm equanimity whatever it was seen meet to lay upon him. The rapid approach of cheerless gloomy winter is urging us to the greater diligence in the prosecution of this our gigantic undertaking. The honored Bishop died at the age of sixty-nine years and a few months, and throughout that prolonged existence we know of only one *faux pas* committed, which was that of engaging the Rev. Robert Purcell, A. M., as an assistant minister for St. Philip's. On the 25th of April, 1768, the Rev. Mr. Cralilan resigned his office in the church. He was deranged, and had made an attempt on his life by throwing himself out of a window at the old Parsonage in St. Philip's street (now gone). On his passage to England he jumped overboard and was lost. Dr. Smith then engaged Mr. Purcell, who had been Curate to the Rector of Shipton-Mallet for eight years, and was highly recommended for talent and piety. He arrived in 1769, and was elected assistant, the Vestry complimenting him with £200 curre. In 1775 he resigned and went to England, feigning to make some arrangement for the

Church of Shipton-Mallet, where he had left a substitute. It was believed that he never intended to return, having been greatly disliked, but the war breaking out just then afforded him an excuse for remaining in England, receiving a pension of £100 per annum as a Loyalist. Liberty of the Press must have existed here to its full extent at that time, and surely enough was published to drive him from the Province, for in the "News Paper" bearing date September 6, 1774, his vile character is painted out in glowing colors, a disgrace to the Church and to humanity. Nor do we think that the sensible folk of our town would have been willing ever again to wear the yoke of this foreign tyrant. His barbarous manner of treating the relatives of the poor, whom he was required to bury, testing their patience by making them wait hours in the hot sun, or pouring rain, at the graves, and abusing them shamefully when they met, or going too early himself, then retiring to some eating-house and declaring "they may do without his services," literally planting his iron heel upon the defenceless wherever he could, whilst he bowed and cringed to the wealthy. Dr. Smith possessed no power over him; not being yet a bishop, he could not "haul this refractory son of the Church over the coals," neither had we a Commissary Johnson or Garden to do it. No, not so much as a Sir Nathaniel Johnson, with his Board of Lay-commissioners, remained—those sons of England "who took too much upon them." As a literary curiosity, my dear young friends, I give the communication to the paper *verbatim*.

"To the Printer, Sir: You will agree with me, that Vice in general is infinitely odious, and that it is viewed with particular Dislike in the conduct of a Clergyman, whose immoral Life must of necessity be considered as a common injury to the cause of Religion. The following Letter is written with a design to prevent this Evil. and as every

Benevolent Heart must approve the design, I doubt not your giving it a place in your Gazette, which will certainly oblige all your readers, who wish well to the cause of Christianity, and desire to see its Ministers adorn their profession by an exemplary, pious and holy life."

LETTER TO THE REV. MR. ROBERT PURCELL.

September 6th, 1774.

SIR: It is a just Observation that the best Mark of a Christian Spirit is Charity; but whatever Charity we are to have for Men's Persons, it is most undoubtedly true that we are to have none for their Vices. And the greatest Act of Charity one can do to persons in general is to advise and exhort them seriously to consider their Ways, in Order to reform and amend their Lives. This Duty indeed is necessary for all, but it is more particularly so for vicious and immoral Clergymen, whose indecent Conduct gives Offence to all good People, and even those who are not good. Behold in it a most scandalous Prostitution of the sacred Character. How will such answer to God at the Great Day who, instead of being examples to their Flocks of Virtue, Sobriety and Holiness, are the foremost to lead them on in the Ways of Sin and eternal Ruin? Can it be thought that transcribing printed Sermons, getting up in the Pulpit upon a Lord's Day and reading over those Sermons only as a Matter of Form, and then all the Rest of the Week living in such a loose Manner as to contradict Everything there delivered, is performing the whole Duty of a Clergyman? Lay your Hand on your Heart and ask your own conscience what Figure you will make when you stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ. You have taken a great Charge upon you, and a most strict and solemn Account you must give. And ought you not to exert your utmost Endeavors to save

your own Soul, and the Souls of others particularly committed to your Charge? Be not startled, Sir, at this Address, which proceeds from a Christian Spirit, and if you read with the same Spirit it will do you good. But if this should happen to raise your Indignation I can assure you *that* shall raise no other Passion in me than Pity. If you think yourself above Censure you are greatly mistaken, for the least Spot in a Clergyman's Character will be magnified into a Crime. If so, what shall we think of Vice, particularly of the odious and detestable Vices of Drunkenness, Debauchery and Irreverence. Now that *you* are one of those bad Clergymen is demonstrable; and I am confident there is no Set of Men in the World so apprehensive of Disrespect, or can so little bear the Examination into their Conduct as the greatest Part of the Ecclesiastics. It is not so with the Lawyer, Physician, soldier, merchant and the professors of almost every Science, for they are the first to expose the knaves and fools among them; but I cannot tell by what Fatality it happens that if the Layman do but touch the Vices of the meanest of their Order so many of them cry out and make an Uproar; their Order is profaned, derided and exposed; Religion itself in Danger, and Socinian, Deist or Atheist is the best Word often given to their most intimate Friends. Or some of them, more moderate, will tell you "not to speak against the Clergy, as you are more or less connected with them in your Situation of Life." To which I answer: "If Clergymen would avoid contempt let them avoid the Causes of it. Let them not do as *you* do, seek after debauched Company, and prefer the Bottle and Pipe to the conscientious Discharge of your Duty, and hoard up Riches at the Expense and Affability of your Acquaintances, nor let them accept of a Living in this Part of the World, and at the same time impose on the People of England by holding a Stipend, or two or three, at £60 Sterling

per ann and leave a poor Brother Professor (who has a wife and a number of small children) laboring in the duty for one Half of the Money. Let them not, as *you do*, behave so haughty and with so much insolence to those who pay *you* (so very genteel a Living as you receive here; good God! what ingratitude for the Bread you eat), and before you came here, lived in the greatest Amity and brotherly Love with their Clergymen. Let them not, as you do, make so invidious Distinction, and behave so indecent when performing the solemn funeral Services, between the Rich and Poor, the Care of whose Souls ought to be in the discharge of your Duty to both alike. Let them not, as you do, neglect to visit those Under Affliction with that modest and humble Deportment which is so necessary a Qualification to Persons of your order, nor let them despise the Work of God, because all Men have not Gifts alike. Let them not, as *you do*, refuse to attend some of the Houses of Mourning where Poverty dwells, notwithstanding it may be ever so much accompanied with Humility and every other Virtue. Nor let them appoint the Time for a Corpse to be brought to the Burying Ground, and because it is not there exactly at the Moment goes away unconcerned, sauntering about, and leaves the Relations waiting, perhaps in the hot sun or a shower of rain, an Hour or an Hour and a Half, and at last be obliged to bury the Corpse without a Minister, or the least offices being performed over it. Let them not, as you do, positively deny going to particular Houses, and by that Means frequently oblige People to bury the Deceased at another Place of Worship far distant from where the Family have been accustomed to bury for perhaps forty or fifty years back. Let them not, as you do, at some of the melancholy Scenes of Distress, when the silent Corpse excites the Relations' tenderest Tears, torment the afflicted with your ill-natured Messages, viz.: 'Why? or if you do not

move the Corpse immediately I will go Home and you may bury the Body without a Minister.' Let them not, as you do, at Funerals, brow-beat and abuse the People within those sacred Walls, especially if none of the great Dons are present, and tis a poor Person that is to be buried, by saying, 'Why did you not come before? The Corpse shall not be carried into the Church, so go along to the grave with it.' Let them not, as you do, refuse to listen to ever so good a Reason or make some Allowance for unforeseen Accidents that happened in those Cases, though you are informed that some of the Relations or pall-Bearers, &c., did not come sooner. Let them not, as you do, give so little attention to the solemn Duty of Prayer by so abruptly breaking off and saying to some By-stander: 'You, Sir, pull off your Hat,' or 'You *Black Rascal*, hold your tongue,' and then return, with a sullen countenance, to call upon the Lord to have Mercy upon us. Let them not, as you do, refuse to comply with the usual decent Custom of attending Funerals from the House of the Deceased to the Burying Ground, which has been the practice of other Clergymen to oblige, ever since the Province has been settled, but even refuse what is your real Duty, that of attending them from the Gates to the Grave, which you have been civilly asked to do, and have positively denied, by saying to the Parents of the Deceased: 'Give me none of your impertinence; if you do not have the Child carried to the Grave without my going before it, the Child shall not be buried *at all*.' Let them not, as you in your churlish Manner, say: 'I will not be out burying a Corpse after Sunset to injure my health and Constitution.' Yet you take so much pains to seek for jovial Company in which you can sit up till past Midnight, and then in wandering to your Lodging at unreasonable Hours, disturbing the Inhabitants by calling at a poor Man's House, when he was guarding the Inhabitants in their silent

repose, and treating his wife with indecency, and afterwards going to the Watch House and quarreling with the Officer of the Guard, who, being a conscientious Man, and as his Duty required him, the next morning reported your Behavior, among other Transactions, to the Governor, who did, upon your false Representation of the Matter, oblige the Officer to deliver up his Commission, because he would not alter the Truth of what he had reported and beg your Pardon.

These are Facts, Sir, you cannot deny, of which I leave the World to judge if they are becoming the Dignity of a Clergyman? Upon the whole, then, let Clergymen win Respect and wear it, and let them not earn Infamy and demand Veneration; let not those of them who live in all Manner of Vileness, add Want of Shame to their Want of Grace, and bewail that they are contemned while they are deserving of it. Who can own and reverence a Clergyman who is rioting every Saturday, and talk of his Dignity and Embassadorship on Sunday, to be our Guide to Heaven, who is himself going a contrary Road, and rioting in those Vices which his whole Duty is to restrain. The Honor of the good Clergy is promoted by exposing the bad, for a bad Priest is the Disgrace and Bane of his own Order, and they who stand forth and adopt his Infamy, pollute themselves, and here I list myself under the Banners of good Clergy, and with the utmost Sincerity desire to pay all Affection, Esteem and Reverence to those Clergy who answer the End of their Institution, and whose Lives and Manners Grace and adorn their Professions and Doctrine. I wish this may be taken as it is intended, but be the Event what it may, I have this comfortable Satisfaction in my own Breast, that I have hereby endeavored to promote your Eternal Welfare; whose spiritual Wretchedness and Misery I heartily deplore. I have only to add fervent Prayers to the Throne of Grace,

that a Divine Blessing may attend this, and set it Home to your innermost Conscience, and bring you to a speedy and sincere Repentance.” “PHILO CLERICUS.”

How unlike was this naughty man to the Rev. Dr. Smith, of happy memory, he who was ever teaching the rising generation, or else preaching to every sex and age, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of ease, and very little for the enjoyment of domestic pleasure, even in his own family, but devoting all his thoughts and attention to the happiness and prosperity of an admiring and grateful community. The paper of 1774 containing the above masterly rebuke, was sent by Mr. Eveleigh, an English merchant, to his relatives at home, and returned a half century after to a member of the same family in Charleston, who continues to be the proud possessor of it. With it came one of 1752, giving an account of the terrible hurricane of the 15th of September—after which the bodies of Mrs. Bedon, one of her children and a Dutch boy who lived with them, were taken up in the pasture of the Parsonage, and in the hour of dire distress, buried on the spot. Her husband floated along Broad street, and was caught through a south window into a house now owned and occupied by the Hon. Alfred Huger, our valued Postmaster, of many a long year of faithful service. A negro woman of Mr. Bedon's was found clinging to the branches of a tree on Coming's point (or Harleston's Green, as it had then come to be called,) and was rescued from an untimely end. The Bedon house in Church street, near the Baptist church, (now the Mariner's) had been washed down and several members of the family killed. The Parsonage of that day was the second on the site in St. Philip's street, on which the Normal School now stands; its pasture extended to Beaufain on the south, and to or beyond Coming on the west: which led some persons to think that the bodies dis-

covered in 1852, at the junction of Coming and Beaufain streets, were those of the drowned in 1752, or others who had died at the Parsonage subsequently to that time. Many of you will remember that finding of human remains by workmen engaged in making a large excavation for the purpose of constructing a fire well; pieces of wood in a decayed state were thrown up, and on a further examination three or four coffins were discovered, each containing a human skeleton. The bones were apparently those of adults, and were partially decomposed. Nobody knows how they got there, but it was an ascertained fact that just above the spot where they were found a brick drain had been constructed within the last ten or fifteen years—the masons never dreaming of the dead, a few feet below their work. The square bounded by Coming and Pitt, Beaufain and Wentworth streets was a common until about 1812-13, when a house was erected on the N. W. corner by a German, named Michael Bloomstoch. A creek run through the square from opposite Wilson street, to the corner of Wentworth and Coming streets—a drain in Beaufain street emptied into the creek. By looking back upon the earliest grave-yard on this Oyster Point, which was laid out as a town in 1672, we find that the burial place for all its inhabitants extended west, and north from the present Archdale street to the south boundry of “old Aunt Comings” land; she who, in 1698, generously made the donation of seventeen acres of land to the English Church, (St. Philip’s, on the site of St. Michael’s, then the only one.) They are situated upon Beaufain, Wentworth, Coming and St. Philip’s streets, constituting the present Glebe of St. Philip’s and St. Michael churches. For the Rev. Mr. Samuel Marshall, the then minister, she had in that year built the Parsonage on a part of the land—on its extreme eastern boundry, St. Philip’s road. The deed confirming the gift of the land

was signed on the 1st of December, Anno Domini 1698, in the presence of F. Randolph, George Dearsley, George Logan, Jonathan Amory and John Fenning. That first "Field of Rest" did not extend further south than Queen street, which was called in a deed of January 20th, 1697, "a little street that runs from the Cooper to the Ashley river," and north to what was afterward named Beaufain street, through respect to Hector Berenger De Beufain, Esq., who was born in France, in 1697, and removed from London in 1733; he died amongst us in 1766, deservedly regretted. "The Field of Rest" would extend as far west as required from time to time. Having located the ground, we will now proceed to fill it. The Rev. Mr. Marshall died the year after taking possession of the first Parsonage, (in 1699) of the yellow fever, fully the fourth of a century after interments had been made east of the Ashley. A letter from Mr. Isaac Norris, dated November 18th, 1699, old style, states that 150 persons had died in Charles-Town *in a few days*, the survivors had fled into the country, and the town was thinned to a very few people. In September and October 160 died and were buried. The population of the town consisted, at that early period, of many more adults than children, and of a larger number of men than women. All of these facts are substantiated by a reference to history.

The second burial place established was the south yard of St. Philip's, built in 1680, and across Broad street, on the lot now the City Square, all of which you have been informed long ago in "Carolina in the Olden Time." By 1697 that ground was so filled with Episcopalian bones that it became necessary to forbid that any more interments should be made there. The east part of the church yard was bought in 1697 for £10 sterling, on the relinquishing the north yard. There we had hoped to find a

stone commemorative of the virtues and services of the Rev. Mr. Marshall, who ended his career of usefulness in 1699; but have been disappointed in our search thus far. In 1690 the "White Meeting" had laid out a yard. Other dissenting churches followed in rapid succession to do the same. Yet still there was much use for the common ground, which, in all probability, was divided into two parts for the reception of master and slave. The Amory property (lost to the family of Dr. Joseph Johnson and others) which extended from the channel of Cooper River westwardly to King street, from the south side of Hasel to the north side of Wentworth. "The lot No. 48, adjoining Comings' land," also extended beyond the present King street to St. Philip's, to where old Aunt Comings' land commenced, and where she erected the first parsonage in 1698, and extended back to the street which now bears her honored name, and south to Beaufain. Once again reverting to the Rev. Robert Purcell, we ask is it not a pleasing reflection that he left no relatives here? Those of his name residing in St. George's Parish are of an entirely distinct family. Their forefather, the Rev. Henry Purcell, D. D., came in 1770, and officiated at Dorchester during the absence of the Rector, the Rev. Offspring Pearce, from '70 to '71. Some time previous to the Revolution he was elected Rector of Christ Church Parish, and during the war he occasionally officiated at St. Michael's.

On the 7th of May, 1776, he was appointed Chaplain to the Second South Carolina Regiment, commanded by Col. Moultrie, and on the 17th of February, 1778, he was appointed Deputy Judge Advocate General of South Carolina and Georgia. After the evacuation of Charles Town he was elected Rector of St. Michael's, and was honored with the degree of D. D. by the College of New Jersey. He died on the 24th of March, 1802, leaving a

widow and six children to reap the benefits of the Clergy Society. Dr. Purcell was esteemed as a good scholar and a sound divine. As a school companion we remember a grand-daughter of his in 1804, Miss Sarah Smith, a quiet, modest girl, who won and kept many hearts. She has often crossed our mind as seeming to possess in an eminent degree that natural refinement of mind and manners which education and a knowledge of the world so often fail to give, while it seems intuitive in others. And now that the day is far spent let me ask you, my fair readers, whether you do not perceive ominous signs all around us as if the *world's* last and closing "night watch" had set in? The billows are heaving high. Art thou ready? If this night were indeed *the very last*, and the thunders of judgment were to break upon thee ere daybreak—wouldst thou be able, in the assurance of an eternal dawn, to say—

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep;
For thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Now, in the hour of need, pray you for

THE ANCIENT LADY.

LETTER VII.

Parsonage, October 30, 1860.

“ Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time !
Strew roses on their way,
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day ;
And wiser than the pompons proud,
Are wise enough to play.

“ 'Tis something when the noon has passed
To brave the touch of Time,
And say Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
My soul is in its prime ;
Thou can'st not chill my warmth of heart,
I carol while I climb.”

THE THREE PARSONAGES OF ST. PHILIP'S
CHURCH.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

You know that the first Church that bore the distinctive name of “ St. Philip ” was built in 1682, on the site originally designed for it in the model of the town sent out in 1671, and that it stood where the only St. Michael now stands, at the southeast corner of Broad and Meeting streets. Built of black cypress upon a brick foundation, “ large and stately,” surrounded by a neat white palisade.

When Joseph Blake was Governor in 1696, although a dissenter, it is recorded that his lady, who was a Baptist, contributed liberally towards the adornment of the edifice. Its first Minister was the Rev. Atkin Williamson. He died at an advanced age in 1711, having, from 1696, out of the public treasury, received the sum of £30 a year for his support. The Rev. Samuel Marshall, an amiable, learned and pious man, succeeded him in 1696. His conduct and talents had given such satisfaction, and his income from the church being precarious, the General Assembly, on the 8th of October, 1698, passed "An Act to settle a maintenance on a Minister of the Church of England in Charles Town." Then it was that Mrs. Affra Coming, a lady of eminent piety and liberality, the widow of the late Captain John Coming, generously made a donation of lands to the church on the 10th day of December, 1698. Seventeen acres, situated upon Wentworth, Coming, Beau-fain, St. Philip's, Glebe and George streets, constituting the present Glebe of St. Philip's and St. Michael's Churches. It was enacted that the Rev. Mr. Marshall should "have and enjoy all the lands, houses, negroes, cattle and moneys appointed for the use, benefit and behalf of the Minister of Charles Town," with a salary of £150 per annum to him and his successors forever; and directed that a negro man and woman, four cows and calves be purchased for his use, and paid for out of the public treasury. (The Act was repealed on the 30th of November, 1706, and the Church Act passed on the same day.) And "to be built for his use a good brick house on a plantation." This parsonage was at some distance beyond the fortifications of the town, as shown on the map of Edward Crisp, in 1704. Mr. Marshall, as told, died in the autumn of 1699, of the yellow fever. Within the short space of eleven years, in 1709, "this parsonage being much out of repair, the

Assembly ordered on the 5th of November " that the Public Receiver pay out of the treasury unto the Wardens of the Church the sum of £60 towards its reparation, and that the present Minister (Commissary Gideon Johnson) living in the same' for the future keep it in repair. The Rev. Richard Marsden had occupied it from 1705 to 1707, when Johnson arrived. He was then elected Rector of Christ Church Parish, but having repaired the parsonage to the amount of £20 was reimbursed by the Assembly on the 10th of February, 1708. In 1723 the white population in the province was about 14,000, the colored 18,000. "In 1731 the houses in the town were computed to be between five and six hundred;" a few lordly mansions, but the greater part of the buildings were said to be "clumsy, miserable huts, constructed of wood, a frame covered with clap-boards without, and plastering it with lime within, of which they had a plenty, made from oyster shells; even the best of their houses built of timber were neither well constructed nor comfortable. Robert Johnson returning in 1730 as Royal Governor of the province it improved in building and in many other respects. A taste was introduced for brick buildings, and more neat and pleasant habitations."

This brings us to the 22d of February, 1733, when the General Assembly granted £100 towards building the second Parsonage for the second St. Philip's Church. "Many ingenious artificers and tradesmen had found encouragement in Charles Town." And then it was that they erected that *chef d'œuvre* which has lately disappeared from St. Philip's street. It was finished for the reception of the Rev. Mr. Garden. They must have been a long time in setting about, or slow in accomplishing the mighty habitation, for it was not until the 25th of January, 1738, that a grant of £600 currency was made by the As-

sembly towards defraying the expense of finishing the Parsonage, which, after an occupancy of sixteen years by Commissary Alexander Garden and family, was formally resigned in 1754. The Rev. Richard Clark stepped into the Castle as Rector in 1756, and his successor, the Rev. Robert Smith, followed in 1759; and that was the Parsonage where "the balls were knocked off," and from whence "the red cow had strayed."

Now come we to *The Parsonage* in which we write; but first let us recapitulate. The old wooden Church of St. Philip was taken down in 1727, eight years after the arrival of Garden. An Act of Assembly had been passed in 1710 for building the second St. Philip's, and another in 1720 for completing it and repairing the damage it had sustained from storms. It was probably preached in by 1727, when the old one of forty-five years was pulled down, yet not completed until 1733. We have no Parochial Register before 1720, nor journals of the Vestry before 1732, the year of the future Bishop's birth. The wardens were Capt. Robert Austin and William McKensie. Vestrymen—His Excellency Robert Johnson, Col. Samuel Prioleau, Capt. Greene, William Yeamans, Gabriel Manigault, Mr. Motte and Thomas Fairchild. In the latter year the Commissary, who had arrived in 1719, the year of our first revolution, held his second visitation of the clergy on the 19th of April. He was Rector thirty-four years and Commissary twenty-three out of that time. He resigned on the 29th of October, 1753, as you have been told; also, that January, 1755, placed Mr. Clarke as the Rector, whose resignation in 1759 installed Mr. Smith in his stead, who in 1768 went to England for the restoration of his health. He returned early in 1770, and on the 7th of April an Act was passed providing for the building of a new Parsonage house for St. Philip's, and authorizing

the leasing part of the Glebe. The proprietors of the land called Comings' Point had preferred a petition to the Assembly on this subject.

Charles Town was daily becoming more populous, and an additional number of streets and building lots were required in the northwest part of the town. "By laying out the streets a great part of the large and ancient Glebe of St. Philip's may be divided and put into lots, and leased to great advantage for the benefit of the Rector and for other purposes, and will yet leave a large and commodious piece of land for the habitation of the Rector, who, with the Vestry and Wardens, are desirous the same may be done." "But as by laying out the said streets the present Parsonage will be much confined and made too public and inconvenient, we will build a large handsome Parsonage on another part of the Glebe land, and the Vestry and Wardens are hereby fully authorized, directed and required to lay out a piece or parcel of the said Glebe land for building and erecting the new Parsonage (now ninety years of age) and proper out-houses, and for the laying out of a garden, orchard and pasturage, for the habitation, use and occupation of the said Rector or Minister of the said Parish of St. Philip's for the time being. After that they shall divide and lay out all that remains of the Glebe (excepting a part that is specified to be sold) into so many lots as they think proper, to be let out on written leases with reserved rents thereon, for the use of the Rector, or for the uses, for a term not exceeding thirty-one years." From this comfortable home the Rev. Mr. Smith was taken to be banished. He was placed on board ship and landed at Philadelphia, where he did not long remain, for adopting the sentiment of Addison, "While I yet live let me not live in vain." And feeling the obligation to do good in all its force, and no British mandate able to forbid it, he

immediately took the temporary charge of St. Paul's Parish, Queen Anne's county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he was long remembered with respect and affection. Doubtless during the possession of Charles Town some lordly British officer had occupied the Parsonage, and thankful may we be that it escaped destruction, for in the hearts of our enemy heaven-born mercy was extinguished, since even the temples of the Most High were consumed by flames in some parts of the State, kindled by their sacrilegious hands. Greatly did they tarnish the glory of the British arms, disgrace the profession of British soldiers, fixing indelible stigmas of rapine, cruelty, perfidy and profaneness on the British name.

And now, having brought our terrible tirade against them to a conclusion, we will turn our thoughts to a more agreeable topic, and tell you of a nice old house recessed next door west of the beautiful Grace Church, in Wentworth street. It is the property of a landlady whose energy, honorable promises, politeness and generosity ever secure a tenant. Indeed she is wholly unlike most of those to be met with as landlords or landladies, from the generality of whom we fervently pray, *conserve me, Domine*. This politic lady (since, surely, next to honesty, politeness is the best policy on earth) quite wins the heart and captivates the ear by the assurance that in her researches after the age of the house, to establish it as one of the landmarks of the city, she has discovered that it was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Smith on his return in 1783 (finding the Parsonage hired out for a year), and there commenced the germ of that school which was transferred to the Parsonage basement, a part of which was used as a chapel.

In that former school-room we now take our meals, and often do I pause a little time to meditate on the past, and think what a variety of scenes may have passed within

These walls, now so beautifully papered, and lighted at night with resplendent gas. Where, we ask, are the teachers, those well qualified classical men, who, under Dr. Smith's superintendence, conducted this academy, until it became of sufficient importance to be removed to a larger building, and incorporated as a college." "Dear old school-room! Couldst thou speak, we should be told that eminent men have been nurtured in thee: ingenious mechanics, on whom the comfort of the community depend; athletic farmers, laying the forest low, and forcing earth to yield her increase; physicians, blessed by the sick sufferer; eloquent lawyers, wise statesmen, holy priests, who faithfully interpret the word of the Almighty to the glad listener." That the Rev. Dr. Smith should have been made a member of the Cincinnati Society was a testimonial of the army's high appreciation of his soldierly qualities and private virtues. Amongst our inmates we have one who is contemporary with the Charlestown Gazette of 1774, and has attained the age of eighty-six. Long passed the Scriptural limit of human life, it is fast approaching extinction, yet it seems that the activity of her mind will remain to the last. This paper, from which we have copiously drawn, tells us that in the year of her birth "Philip Henry, at his office in Meeting street, opposite to James Simpson, Esq., offers to bring up books with the utmost despatch. He offers for sale, by private contract, 1200 acres of land, on the head branches of Beaver Dam Creek, a branch of Thickett Creek, the water of Broad River." "Also, 450 acres of land, near the boundary line of Orangeburg Township, on a branch of Edisto River, known by the name of Lime Stone Swamp; and 300 in Hillsborough Township, joining lands of Robert Beache, Daniel and Jean Davids, and James Pillfree. The purchaser may have a long credit, paying interest and giving security if required." "For

private sale, 250 acres in St. Mark's Parish, on the branches of Dutchman's Creek, waters of the Wateree River, bounding north and north-eastwardly on land belonging to George Pain; 500 on Kelsey's Creek, on branches of Fair Forest. A lot, very valuable on account of its advantageous situation, on the corner of two wide streets, containing 144 feet front on Meeting street, and 200 on Hasell street. A plantation in St. Sames, Goose Creek, of 415 acres, joining lands of Elizabeth, the wife of Henry Smith, Esq., and Mr. William Withers; on the premises is a good, newly-built dwelling house of six rooms, with a large piazza, and other necessary buildings. This plantation is well situated for a brick-kiln, being on a large creek, where schooners of any burthen may load with ease." "A pleasant, commodious, and well finished house in Orange street, opposite to the Hon. Thomas Knox Gordon, Esq., consisting of six airy rooms, a kitchen, fowl-house, good cellar, and every requisite building. The lot contains forty-two feet front, by one hundred feet deep. Also, 300 acres in St Thomas' Parish, bounding north-west on Samuel Wells' land, south-west on Elias Wigfall's land. On this tract is an excellent saw mill, just built.—P. H." "James Davis informs Thomas Sumter, J. P., of a bay mare taken up in Camden District." "Horses were tolled before Roger Pinckney, Esq.—Thomas Turner, J. P." "A bay horse, thirteen hands high, branded on the mounting shoulder *A* and a *fleur de lucc* at the top, with a small star in his forehead, is in the care of Joseph Palmer." "A bay horse, in the care of Francis Vanvelsin." "A sorrel horse, in the care of John Palmer, Jr. The owners must apply and prove their property before John Palmer, Justice of the Peace." "Carolina and New England Factors, recommended by Atkins and Weston." "Stephen Prosser removed his office to the house wherein Thomas Phippoe.

Esq., lived lately, next door to Mr. Lawrence's warehouse in Bedon's alley, where books and accounts will be brought up and clearly started." "Just arrived in the Pallas, Captain Turner; the Portland, Captain Wilson; the Britain, Captain Urquhart, from London; and the Live Oak, Captain Lundberry, from Bristol, England." "A large assortment of dry goods, to be sold very cheap, by Mansell and Corbett—silks, rich brocades, lutestrings, tobines and satins, entire new patterns, the first out of the looms; painted and printed tambor-worked muslins, cheap hats, thread and cotton stockings, Marseilles counterpanes and petticoating, flowers and corded dimitys, fine plain India dimity, carpets, glass, and china ware, perfumery, hair-powder, sheeting, white plains, superfine broad cloths and cassimeres, waistcoat shapes, guns, shot-lead and gun-powder, coarse linings, twelve yards in a piece, for thirty shillings, all kinds of nails and plantation tools, iron-mongery, cutlery, saddlery, pewter goods, iron and copper ware, grocery and linendrapery." Then it was, dear friends, that we reaped the benefit of *direct trade* with England—and why shall we not again? The paper from which we will continue to copy was numbered 458.

"The Lion and the Unicorn guarding the Crown." "The South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal containing the freshest advices, both foreign and domestic—Tuesday, September 6th, 1774—printed by Crouch & Gray," in which George Cooke & Co. call for a settlement of all accounts due to the 1st of January last. They must be paid by the 1st of November next. "Christ Church Parish—two horses strayed from the pasture of Jonathan Scott." "St. Paul's Parish, July 29th, George Bell had tolled a strong brown bay, poor and galled; and Samuel Bowman a mare, sides and breast much galled by the harness; owner to prove property; Andrew Leith, J. P."

"An address to the inhabitants of South Carolina, by a Carolinian. My Dear Countrymen—Every new arrival from England brings intelligence of some new attack upon the rights of the Americans. Every new Act of Parliament astonishes us with some prodigy more horrible than the former. I think it happy, my countrymen, that Providence has so ordered it, that by their own conduct they should have opened the eyes of all mankind. A milder administration might have blinded us forever." Then it was that Lord Caermarthen had boasted, as an argument against American freedom, that "America was at least as much represented in Parliament as Manchester, which had made no complaint of a want so *imaginary*."

But the time was fast coming, however, when freedom should be claimed in Manchester as boldly as it was in America, whose peaceful land was doomed to become the scene of fierce and murderous contention. And here again clouds are shadowing our political horizon, threatening to burst in tempest of sorrow on our devoted State. God in His mercy grant that our wishes for a peaceful secession may be safely and speedily attained. If conquerors, may we "bear our honors meekly;" if vanquished, with Christian fortitude. We, of the present crisis, looking back, recalling the great lessons taught by the deeds of our ancestors, feel that such was their conduct in those cases. The eventful 1774, on the 14th of January, gave birth to Robert J. Turnbull, "the intrepid and successful assertor of the rights of the State; author of the address of the Convention to the people of South Carolina, and other able productions in support of Constitutional liberty." An obelisk in the west yard of St. Philip's Church is the monument to his memory. He was the son of Dr. Andrew Turnbull, who was born and educated in Scotland, removed early in life to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, where he

became a distinguished practitioner of medicine. There he married a Grecian lady, Gracia Maria. After many years he enlisted colonists for a new enterprise, chiefly Greeks and Minorcans by birth, to settle in an English colony. In the year 1768 they proceeded to St. Augustine with a company of fifteen hundred persons, three or five hundred were men. Their settlement was called New Smyrna, and they were under the patronage of Lord Hillsborough. He had, in 1766, received a grant of twenty thousand acres from the British Government in East Florida. With them came priests, both of the Roman and Grecian Church. The colony prospered until the revolution broke out, when a difference arose between Dr. Turnbull and Patrick Tonyn, Esq., the Governor of Florida. He released the colonists from their indentures, they then forfeited their right to the land, the reward of nine years labor. The doctor was literally ruined by the revolution, although taking no part in it. He removed to Charles Town in May, 1781, with a large family and few servants. His talents and social qualities were such that he soon rose to the head of his profession, commanding the esteem and respect of all who knew him.

And now, soothing our spirits to rest, we will resume the ancient paper, which tells us that, "On Thursday last his Majesty's packet-boat *Le Despencer*, Captain William Pond, sailed for Falmouth, with whom went passenger Mr. Thomas Shirley, merchant." And that "on Saturday, between 11 and 12 o'clock, the stables belonging to Mr. Wiliman, the upper end of Queen street, was entirely consumed by fire, together with the upper part of his dwelling house." "Yesterday his Majesty's packet-boat *Sandwich*, commanded by Captain Michael Kelly, sailed with the mails for Falmouth." "From Savannah, Ga., we learn that the inhabitants of St. John's Parish were to chuse

deputies to attend the approaching Congress, and that they had also collected one hundred and seventy barrels of rice and £50 cash to be sent to the poor of Boston." "Newbern, North Carolina, elected deputies to represent that Province in the General Congress of the Colonies to be held at Philadelphia." "Gov. Martin, of North Carolina, had appointed the Hon. James Hasell, Esq., Chief Justice of that Province, in the absence of the Hon. Martin Howard, Esq., gone to Rhode Island." "Married, at Savannah, Nathaniel Hall, Esq., to Miss Nancy Gibbons, daughter of Joseph Gibbons, Esq., deceased." "In Charles Town, Mr. Thomas Cochran to Miss Sarah Clifford." "Died, at his house near Cross Creek, sincerely and universally lamented, Richard Lyon, Esq. He was the first who established a trade at that place, and lived to see it the principal part of the country. During upwards of twenty years in that part of the Province he had the singular good fortune to be esteemed and respected by all parties, however violent against each other. But it could not be otherwise, for with the strictest sobriety he was remarkably hospitable and charitable to the distressed; a fond husband, an indulgent father, and a gentle master, and, to crown all, a man of unspotted integrity." "In Charles Town, within a few days of each other, died Messrs. Edward Dobell, Sr. and Jr., father and son." "The price of rice is 50 shillings per 100 lbs." "Custom House entries inwards—On the 1st the Snow Peggy, Alexander Hardie, from Bristol, England; ship Jupiter, Samuel Brown. On the 2d, two schooners from Georgia. On the 3d, four ditto, and two from New Providence. On the 5th, ship Fanny, William Main, from Africa. Gone out—Captain Hardie, for Gosport, and the Snow Gambia for Bristol."

Well, well, quite worn out with the day's exertion, I will bid you good-night; yet so ravishingly beautiful is

this Autumn sky that we must enjoy it a short time before retiring to rest upon our bed, and reflect on the goodness of that God who has made our prison so radiant, and of the saints who have all these beautiful stars beneath their feet.

That pleasant dreams be yours is the prayer of

THE ANCIENT LADY.

LETTER VIII.

LOVE THE OLD.

" I love the old ; to lean beside
The antique, easy chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silvered hair ;
To press my glowing lips upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye, where dwells
The ' light of other days.'

" To fold the pale and feeble hand
That on my youthful head
Has lain so tenderly, the while
The evening prayer was said ;
To nestle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tomes of legendary lore,
The chronicles of Eld.

" Oh ! youth thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and love,
So many hopes ; Age has but *one*—
The hope of bliss above.
Then turn awhile from these away
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-string with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

"Thou treadest now a path of bloom,
 And thine exulting soul
 Springs proudly on, as though it mocked
 At Times' unfelt control.
 But they have marched a weary way
 Upon a thorny road,
 Thou soothe the toil-worn spirits ere
 They pass away to God.

"Yes, love the aged, bow before
 The venerable form,
 So soon to seek beyond the sky
 A shelter from the storm.
 Ay, love them; let thy silent heart
 With reverence untold,
 As pilgrims, *very near to Heaven*,
 Regard and love the Old."

"OBITUARY."

"Died, in Williamsburg District, South Carolina, on the 16th of November, 1859, Miss *Nancy Mouzon*, the daughter of William Henry Mouzon, and his wife, Ann Taylor. She was born October the 8th, 1769, on Sunday at eleven o'clock, forenoon. The deceased, from her advanced age, and the thrilling experience of her early life, deserves more than a passing memorial. She was born where she died, in the year 1769, as told above, and was consequently about ninety years of age. She was often heard to say that she first saw the light the same year with Napoleon the I.; he was born on the 15th of August. Her natural vivacity and sprightliness of disposition; her communicativeness and her teeming recollection of past events always rendered her an object of attraction to her friends. Her father, Captain Wm. H. Mouzon, was commandant of one of the four companies that formed the original Brigade of

General Francis Marion. After the fall of Charles Town in 1780, on the 12th of May, and the memorable mission of Major John James to the British commandant at George Town, the patriots of Williamsburg mustered into service four companies under Captain *William Henry Mouzon*, James McCaulay, John James of the Lake, and William McCottry. Her chief command devolved on Major James, and a special message was sent to General Gates, just before the disastrous battle of Camden, to grant them a general officer who had seen service. It is well known that General F. Marion was furnished in answer to the request. Before his arrival, however, and previously to the battle of Camden, the rising in Williamsburg was reported at the British headquarters in Charles Town, and the fiery Tarleton was dispatched to quell it. Crossing the Santee at LeNud's Ferry, he arrived at Kingstree on the 6th of August, 1780, and encamped for the night, all the way expressing his desire for a pass at arms with the Whigs of Williamsburg. His zeal abated, however, when he heard of the approach of McCottry, and during the night broke up his encampment and retreated precipitately up the Black river road towards Camden. Early next morning he reached the residence of Captain Mouzon. The subject of this memoir, then eleven years old, was on the roof of the smoke house, aiding in spreading the bacon to the sun, and was the first to descry the approach of the enemy and give the alarm. Captain Mouzon was then at home, and had just time to escape to the swamp and to conceal himself. His daughter well remembered the personal appearance of Colonel Tarleton, and also of Colonel ———, his Tory ally, and the dress of the British troopers—leather caps with plumes, red coats with white pantaloons and half boots. Tarleton approached Mrs. Mouzon courteously, and told her, with apparent regret, that her

husband had turned against the King, George the III., and must consequently be broken up." Orders were then given to set fire to the premises, and in a little time the family mansion, the out-houses, fourteen buildings in all, were wrapped in flames. This was the first act of atrocity of the kind in Williamsburg, and was followed by the devastating march of Wemyss a few weeks afterwards which laid waste a tract of country seventy miles in length, and in places fifteen miles in breadth. The following spring the march of Colonel Watson was interrupted at the bridge on Black river, six miles below Kingstree, by General Marion; and Miss Mouzon heard and counted the guns of the British as they tore the branches of the trees above the heads of the Whigs who were fighting as it were in the sight of their own wives and children to save them from worse calamity than they had experienced a few months before. Yet Miss Mouzon's recollections of the scenes of the Revolution were not more interesting, perhaps, than the more peaceful and happy ones of the church. Early taught the lessons of religion and attendance on the worship of the sanctuary, it was but natural for her to treasure up the traditions of the fathers as well as remember events that occurred in her own day. Of the Ministers and Elders of Williamsburg Church and of the principal events in its history, she had a very accurate knowledge back to the time of the Revolution, and from her lips many details were gathered a few years since, which would have been otherwise irrevocably lost. For about thirty years she had followed the Saviour, having professed her love to Him during the ministry of the Rev. John M. Erwin, and united with the church. During the last ten years of her life she was seldom able to visit the house of God. But although infirm in body she was strong in faith, and nothing seemed to her more refreshing

than the prayer-meetings that were frequently held at the house where she resided. Never was she found too feeble to enjoy the services, though borne from her own chamber to recline on the parlor sofa during the exercises. Many, too, were the conversations enjoyed by her Pastor with her in reference to her evidences for Heaven. She delighted to talk of her future prospects, and of her departure, which she felt to be near. No doubts nor darkness obscured the brightness of her hope, which was of that humble yet confiding kind that maketh not ashamed. Looking forward from the scenes of this world she was ever ready to say with the devout Psalmist, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Thus another of those links that connected us with the past has been sundered. We felt when conversing with her as though we held communion with one who had come from the grave, because those of her own generation were all there. The venerable members of that venerable church had fallen, *one by one*, before, some even passing their four-score years, until she was left like a lone tree where a forest once stood. Many who were her juniors preceded her to glory, and now together they rejoice, where partings are no more.

"Z. A. W., Dalton, Georgia."

The Family Table of Henry and Ann Mouzon reads thus: Their first child was Ann, after her mother; she was born on the 19th of September, 1738. Their second was Esther, on the 20th of November, 1739; then *William Henry*, May 18th, 1741, and was married on the 10th of January, 1769, at the age of twenty-eight years, by the Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Black River, to *Susanna*, the daughter of *Samuel* and *Ann Taylor*; she was born on the 1st of December, 1752, consequently she was a bride at sweet seventeen. Their children were first, Ann, born October 8th, 1769, as told, on Sunday, at 11 o'clock, forenoon;

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Copy 1

DAYS OF YORE ;

OR

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

BY THE

ANCIENT LADY,

AUTHOR OF "OUR FOREFATHERS THEIR HOMES AND THEIR CHURCHES."

&C., &C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Poyas

CHARLESTON:
WILLIAM G. MAZYCK,
BROAD STREET,

1870.

Entered, according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
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WILLIAM G. MAZYCK, PRINTER,
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20 Hp 1404 W. 0. 1. 1.
HYMN.

O in the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose :

Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved :

Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days ;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways ;

Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest :
O then, improve *the morn of life*,
To make *its evening blest*.

DAYS OF YORE,
OR
SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

LETTER I.

Charleston, April 20th, 1860.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

After a very moderate *siesta* my pen has resumed its occupation to tell you that

“I am not *Old*—though years have cast
Their weary shadows on my way;
I am not old—though youth has passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening’s sky.

“I am not *Old*—Time may have set
His signet on my brow;
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care must deepen now;
Yet *Memory* a chaplet weaves,
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
Thus still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts sweet as flowers that *once* were mine.”

Never to grow old in feeling should be our daily prayer and effort; convinced that although a Father’s hand has strewn many a sorrow in our pathway, it has placed

joys there also, in the kindness and sympathy of friends. Life with its quick succession of interesting and useful occupation, leaves us little leisure for growing old, although much for doing good. To merit the "Well done" at the great Tribunal, it is not requisite that you should be what the world calls "highly accomplished" or that too great care and cost be bestowed on your persons; oh no, rather let the utmost of your aspiring be to attain wisdom and piety. Let not one of those accomplishments be wanting that are required to set you off to the best advantage, and render you not deficient in the courts above. Fitted for that home, filled with celestial treasures and endless attractions, where you shall freely receive an undisputed inheritance, where you will not only be actively engaged, but daily improving in the knowledge of God and the Universe, to the great increase of your own happiness and that of the assembled multitude of saints and angels. Preparatory to that blissful state, you my dear young friends can become ministering spirit in human form. In the huts and at the hearths of widowed want and sorrow, and in the lowly habitations of vice and ignorance the tread of your feet may not be a strange sound, you need not walk without balm in your hands through the world, applying it wherever you see wounds. At the bed of death you can be found with soft tones and soundless tread. "The tender and the faithful wife too, twining her mysterious self, like a green and flowery wreath, around every stern and rugged duty which rises in the path of her husband's life is truly an angel on earth." Yes, as maiden, wife or widow, like the angels' let your footsteps be gentle, your touch tender, your voices soft and harmonious. Let

your hints to dull and careless pilgrims through the wilderness of life, be both free and courteous ; and as angels do you not only arouse the sleepers, but afterwards help them on their way to the right. Yes, yes—

“I have seen angels by the sick one’s pillow
Their’s was the soft tone, and the soundless tread,
When smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood, ‘between the living and the dead.’

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love blent duty,
I called her angel, but he called her wife.

O ! many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.”

And are you not almost angelic as you calmly pursue your daily course, as a daughter whose filial love prompts to share all her parents cares and fatigues, as far as compatible with your station and ability, not merely as a duty but a privilege. Well is it with the youthful maiden when the whole warp and woof of her heart is composed of devotion to father, mother, brothers and sisters, a happy household. Too soon perhaps may the time arrive when she may be constrained to exclaim “alas, for man’s stability.”

As life wears on, learn to reflect that you have watchful friends above, in saints and angels, take care that you disappoint not their hopes, and as regards this world that you disgrace not your “Forefathers” or cause the names of your “Ancestors” to be despised ; born of

honorable parentage, learn to be wise, yet without an immoderate esteem of self, lest such folly should justly provoke censure. Regard home as your true sphere, where every thing should be managed with promptitude and decision, aim not to be witty or brilliant, but good tempered and sensible. "Never be found seeking to intrude on the attributes of the other sex ; rather let the objects of your pursuit be to sooth pain, alleviate suffering, soften discord, solace the time-worn spirit on earth ; and to train the youthful ones for heaven ; thus employed, may you each steal noiselessly on to your appointed bourne, "the world forgetting, by the world forget" having no ill fortune to force you into a publicity little consistent with your taste or natural sphere, but be enabled to pass your time quietly in such gentle occupations as are woman's best employment. Thankful that your lot has been cast in an age and country where men have the gallantry to allow you to be a component part of creation, for we cannot forget that in dark days women were utterly and entirely overlooked ; and that it was the promulgation of the Christian religion that first elevated them to a high station in society. And remember that with such advantages as you now possess each individual has the power of perpetual improvement, and in so far, the control of her own destiny, and each generation having the chance of educating their successors better than the last, our race must have the power of illimitable advancement. And when death approaches, and the solemn scenes of eternity unfold themselves to your view, may you be enabled to read your title clear to a habitation not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And now that the shades of night call to refresh-

ing slumbers, may you all retire with calm hearts, and arise with cheerful spirits when the day dawns upon new duties and pleasures to be performed and enjoyed—
Thus prays your sincere friend

THE ANCIENT LADY.

LETTER II.

Summerville, Mr. Vose's Hotel. }
Tuesday, July 24th, 1860. }

"Fair and young thou bloomest now
 Whilst I full many a year have told:
 But read the heart and not the brow,
 Then shalt thou find I am not old."

Illness, my dear friends, we all know incapacitates for every exertion either physical or mental; months have elapsed since the date of our last epistle to you, and even now that the pen is resumed it is guided by such a feeble hand that the writing may prove as difficult to decipher as ancient hieroglyphics; unlike its former self, when although entirely without beauty, it had, notwithstanding the great merit of distinctness, and plainness so desirable in a letter or manuscript. The great Proprietor of life has seen fit to revoke the lease of existence to youthful ones around us, their short allotted terms having expired, whilst led by His unerring hand to this health restoring spot, your aged friend may continue yet for a time traversing this world's wilderness depths, with its pleasures so facinating, its pursuits so engrossing. Yet to her the world is becoming stripped of its counterfeit charms its hollowness, the treachery of its promises and the fleeting nature of its most enduring friendships; no longer may she delude herself with false hopes and lofty aspirations as respects the things of time, but better far turn steadfastly to reflect upon that glori-

ous day which is to know no night ; the eternal noon-tide whence all shadows do flee away. Reconciled to earth's severest dicipline, by the thought of that endless, sinless, and sorrowless immortality held up to view by the word of inspiration, may we all go on our way rejoicing ; striving to bear with calm equanimity each encountered grief, and having been kept through all life's dangerous way never suffered from His pasture to rove, may we all sit down together in the bright world above, where neither change or disappointment can ever reach or disturb us, and where our path can no longer be hedged up with thorns and thistles.

This charming, rural, picturesque town with its health promoting atmosphere, is situated twenty-two miles from our City, four and a half from the Ashley River. It is partly in Charleston and Colleton Districts the dividing line of St. James' Goose Creek and St. George's Colleton passing through it. "This delightful summer resort, has for sixty years been noted for the salubrity of its climate, which is delightful throughout the year. The temperature during the Summer months is warm at mid-day, the thermometer not unfrequently ranging from 90 to 95 degrees, yet the nights are cool and refreshing. The atmosphere is remarkably dry and balmy, inducing indolence and sleep. The ponds and water courses in every direction may be the immediate causes of its salutary condition, as they drain the land, while a thick foliage of trees and luxuriant undergrowth shut in any poisonous exhalations that might otherwise arise. These ponds and branches, however are mostly running streams, where the waters do not stagnate."

Well do *we* remember the ancient hospitalities of this

place, and the genial spirit of its inhabitants ; the deer hunts of the olden time, with the dinners that followed. There are a few of the descendants of those worthies of the chase and feast, still residing here, who inherit the hospitable spirit of their fathers, as we can well attest having spent two delightful months in private families, carefully nursed into health, and forgetfulness of wrongs, before allowed to sojourn among strangers. We are told just now that the inhabitants of this place seem to be under the influence of a new spirit, "The sluggish apathy of the past has disappeared and an enthusiasm for progress pervades the community. We note the expenditure to adorn private residences, and the turn out of handsome equipages, so unlike those of the olden time. We are now, however, in the hands of a new administration, with the Rev. Mr. Limehouse at the head. Abundantly are we blessed with schools and churches, the former kept by Mr. Hughs, Mr. John Gadsden and Mr. Gray. Of the Episcopal Church the Rev. Mr. Philip Gadsden is pastor, and on the Sabbath the solemn bell of St Paul's is heard, calling us to worship. The Methodist meeting has circuit preachers. The Presbyterian pulpit is filled by the Rev. Andrew Pickens Smith of Alabama, a young man eminent alike for his social qualities, his piety, learning and abilities." He is the great grand son of the Rev. Josiah Smith who was born in 1704 and died in 1781—he was the son of Dr. George, and grand son of the first Landgrave Thomas Smith, who was born at Exeter, England, in 1648, and died in Charles Town, South Carolina in 1694, aged 46. "There still exists, within a few miles of this town, the noble old relic of Newington. The standing and cross walls,

some fifty feet high, of a princely mansion, yet remain. The grounds are shut in by huge oaks, with a dense tangle of vine and underbrush obstructing the elevated portals of this once imposing and massive structure. The fish pond, with its waters darkened by the overhanging branches of immense trees, is still to be seen in gloomy shade, a melancholy type of past luxury and present decay. Nor can the visitor behold the noble avenue, in part remaining, that leads to this grand old ruin, without experiencing emotions of a sad and quickening nature. The building was destroyed by fire soon after 1845—the precise date we have been unable to learn; but in the year above named a friend assures us the building was in good condition, and he went through the rooms of the mansion, which were furnished with “dark walnut,” in a corresponding style of elegance to the external appearance of the place. The property with much of the surrounding country, is now owned by the Hon. Henry A. Middleton of Charleston,” (he married a Miss Kinloch). One of the earliest settlers of Summerville of whom we have any positive evidence, was Mr. James Rousan Stewart, who having in 1793 sold his Beech Hill Plantation to Mr. Richard Scott, from St. Andrew’s parish, soon after that period located here, with Col. Isaac Walter, they were followed by Dr. William Morgan whose wife was a sister of Mr. Stewart, and then came Mr. Isaac Perry, subsequently to 1800, also Capt. Joseph Waring, of Clay Field, and Dr. Richard Waring, his cousin, from Clay Hill adjoining.

With Col. Walter came his step-daughter Miss E. W. Hopkins, she was born in Charlestown in 1771, and died here at the age of 86 years. “About the begin-

ning of the 19th century Dr. Bloomingberg also removed hither, his family emigrated hence about twenty years ago; a number of other settlers soon succeeded him, whose numerous descendants are still residents of the Town, enjoying in a very remarkable degree the health of its climate and the fascination of its agreeable society; but not until a few years since has any material increase to the population taken place. *Now*, the old village has become somewhat metropolitan in its appearance, regulations and taste. The primitive cottage homes of the early inhabitants are fast giving place to a more pretending style of architecture. Handsome churches and commodious hotels abound, such as Mr. Brown's, Capt. Vose's and Mr. Cooper's Paradise, where many persons spend their summers, not because they are sick but that they may keep in good condition, enjoying the pure air and pleasant company." "The Marshal, who is Chief of Police, 'owns his horse' and is a terror to evil-doers; and the new Town Hall, with its ornamental cupola, sends forth its edicts and ordinances, with due formality, for the better regulation of grave and admiring citizens. Summerville has also its suburban as well as its urban allurements. Attractive farms are just beyond its limits, and within an hour's ride are the less aspiring villages of Stallsville and Smithville. It has likewise its fashionable drives, thronged, when in season, with gay equipages and fair equestrians—and there are shady walks where lovers range through whispering groves, in sight of running brooks, and breathe their vows in hearing of the singing birds." The last census of the Town and its immediate vicinity was taken with the following result;

Number of White Males,	259
“ “ Females,	289
White Population,	<u>548</u>
Black “	<u>540</u>
Total Number of Inhabitants,.	<u>1088</u>
Number of dwellings and servants' houses, .	372
Churches, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist,	3
Stores,	9
Hotels and Boarding Houses,	5
Public buildings, Council Hall and Ball-room	<u>2</u>
Total number of Buildings,	<u>891</u>
Horses, 129.	

We will now draw your attention to an ancient place of Sepulture in this immediate neighbourhood, yet scarcely known of. This solitary resting place of the dead is situated in an old field about a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards from the old Orangeburg road, but little travelled since the establishment of the South Carolina Rail Road; it is only four miles from Summerville, belonging to the Mount Boone tract in the Olden Time, and where rest the mortal remains of some of those who inhabited the Boone Mansion. On a massive slab about five or six inches thick, apparantly of granite and on a foundation of brick surmounted by an urn is the following inscription.

Here Lyeth the Body of
Mr. JOSEPH BOONE,
Who departed this Life the 24th
day of February 1734,
Aged 57 years.

Mr. Boone had early in life been united to Anne, a daughter of Col. Joseph Blake, the faithful friend to whom in 1694, the first Landgrave Thomas Smith left his *silver tobacco box*. Her sister Sarah was the first wife of the second Landgrave Smith, who died four years after Boone, aged 68.

When in 1706 the Gov. Sir Nathaniel Johnson, regarding the dissenters as enemies to the constitution of both Church and State, framed a bill in such a manner as to exclude them entirely from the House of Representatives, Joseph Boone was sent to England to petition Queen Anne in their behalf. His widow in her will dated December 1st, 1749, begins thus: "My desire is to have a private funeral, and to be interred at my plantation, called Mount Boone. Item: I give to my beloved nephew, the Hon. Joseph Blake, Esqr., my Dorchester plantation, given me by my mother, called Mount Boone, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, unto him, and to his heirs and assignees forever." After many other legacies she goes on to direct her executor (Henry Smith, of Goose Creek mansion.) and her executrix, (Mary his mother) to sell all of her estate, either in South Carolina or elsewhere, giving all the money in trust to her nephew the Hon. Joseph Blake to be put out at interest by him, for the sole, separate and distinct use of her beloved grand daughter Anne, the interest to be paid her annually, without the power, control or intermeddling of her husband, Andrew Slann, and at her death to be divided between her children. The Will in full, you have read in our "Carolina in the Olden Time." We find no monument to her memory—her successor gave the English name of Newirgton to his inher-

itance. On removing to England Col. Glaze was appointed his agent, and divided his time between the Ponds Plantation and Newington, where the Ancient Lady has often counted the hundred windows on the front of that noble edifice, sang childish songs to its indulgent inmates and danced minuets and *impromptu* fancy-dances to the grand piano touched by the large stately and all accomplished Miss Ann Smyth of Columbia, the sister of Mrs. Glaze and frequently her guest for months.

The other inscriptions in that "city of the dead" are upon upright stones, and read as follows :

Sacred to
the memory of Mrs.
CATHERINE GRIMES,
who departed this life
October 13th 1823,
Aged 60 years. Also
her husband
JOHN GRIMES,
(the date defaced)

Sacred to
the memory of
Mr. HENRY CLAYTON,
who departed
this life 21st July, 1820.
aged 39 years.

I N R I



I H S

Sacred to
 the memory of Mrs.
 ANN L. GELL,
 Wife of Mr. JOHN GELL, Junr.
 and daughter of Mr.
 HENRY and Mrs. LEVINEA CLAYTON,
 who departed this life
 18th September, 1823, aged
 16 years. May she rest in peace.
 AMEN.

I N R I



I H S

Sacred to
 the memory of Mr.
 JOHN GELL, Junr.
 Who died 23rd of June,
 1824, aged 26 years.
 May he too rest in peace.
 AMEN.

And sooner or later shall we all pass into the land of

oblivion, not very long to be remembered through the changes of this busy, changing life, by those fast tramping at our heels. Whilst Time endures may each of us hear the Directing Voice saying "This is the way, walk ye in it," then will He be our defence and refuge in the hour of dissolution. Good night to you, and may each succeeding morning find us all better prepared for the glorious waking-time of immortality, when "the day shall break" and earth's shadows shall forever "flee away."

Yours,

THE ANCIENT LADY.

LETTER. III.

Summerville, Tuesday, 31st July, 1860.

GROWING OLD.

“Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night ?
Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time,
When your heart and your steps were light ?”
“I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
And of all that I joyed in then ;
But the brightest that ever arose on me,
I have never wished back again.”

“Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night ?
Do ye gather them up as they faded fast
Like buds with an early blight ?”
“I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was fleet :
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall
And were even in falling, sweet.”

“Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night ?
Do you wish they were round you again once more,
By the hearth that they made so bright ?
I think of the friends that have gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then ;
But the best and the dearest among them all,
I have never wished back again.”

What a spirit of resignation breathes through this poetry. We wish some one would own or claim this anonymous song, it is so very charming for simplicity and pathos. The sensible writer of “Woman’s thoughts

of women" has introduced them into her pleasant and instructive book, as selected or borrowed.

Such an aged piece of paper has been shown of late that we copy for our young friends its entire contents—news of one hundred years ago, the year in which Catharine Gendron marked her sampler, now the property of the Ancient Lady :

THE AMERICAN

A figure
of
Mercury.

Weekly Mercury,

A man on
Horseback
blowing a
Trumpet.

*From Thursday October 7th to
Thursday October 14th 1731.*

tells of "an Act of Parliament in 1727, the first year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, George the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland—King, Defender of the Faith, *et cetera*." "An Act for importing from his Majesty's Plantations in America, directly into Ireland, goods not enumerated in any Act of Parliament as forbidden—such as sugar, tobacco, cotton, wool, indigo, ginger, speckle wood, or Jamaica wood, fustick or other dying wood; rice, molasses, beaver skins and other furs; copper ore, pitch, tar, turpentine, masts, yards and bowsprits, of the growth, product or manufacture of the said Plantations, and such things as shall be imported into Ireland, must be in British Shipping, where the Master and Three fourths of the Mariners at least, are British." This scrap of paper has been preserved, from the fact of an old bill being pasted on it, bearing the names of John Walking and Mary Jones. It belongs to Mr. Titus Bissell, Senr. The same old gentleman has favored

us with the loan of an account book, kept at the store of Mr. WILLIAM LOGAN at the northeast corner of Church and Elliott streets, dated 1761, (close upon one hundred years ago). "Charleston May 14th—Paid George Saxby in full for my Note £1000, Interest £18 13s 4d. 15th, Lent William Savage on F. Clayton's Note £500. 16th, Paid the freight on Stephen Lord's bed 10s. For a keg of Butter 53 lb weight at 3s. and 6d. £9 5s 6d. Isabella Orr bought ribbons, cruels and tea. Lionel Chalmers, snuff. Theodore Trezevant, 10 sticks of Tailor's twist. Ann Watson, dress maker, crow-silk and ferret. Edward Fenwicke pullies and pins. Adam and Milford, silk mitts at 33s 9d. Twenty three dozen hinges at 65s, £6 10s. Josiah Perry, Nankeen and brown Holland, 3 yds. Garlix, Ten yards white Chintz, Six pair Women's *Thread hose*, Three pair of Boys' do, gloves, ribbons, one ivory Fan 45s. Four dozen fine clear lawn handkerchiefs, two china bows, one Port-manteau Trunk 110s. Nine yards Duroy, Wide Durrant, Coat and breast buttons, silk, twist and garlix, Blue Breeches pattern 70s, Buckrum, Mitts, and two Wax Necklaces 30s, total £105 17s. May 19th.—Richard Bedon, senr., two loaves sugar. Thomas Scott sugar and shot, two pair cotton hose, one Keg Powder, Dozen Flints. David Boillatt, Poplin, Persian and paper. Isaac Holmes buff Breeches pattern 70s, girls shoes. *Martha Logan* for twelve pieces India Calico, 110s, Twelve gallons of Vinegar, 20 oz. of Nutmegs and Cloves, Two pair of gloves.

James Poyas One tin candlestick 8s 9d, one Spitt 32s 6d. Richard King, Osnabirgs, &c—Archd. McNeill, sugar &c—Josiah Pendarvis, blue serge, shallon, Osn-

birgs &c—£18 6s 3d. May 21st, *George Logan* blanket 70s, purple calico, £9 17s. Charles Dawson, women's gloves and ribbon. Downes and Jones for one pound of spermaceti £1 7s 6d. John Beswicke, and Co., Richard Capers, Richard Beresford, William Fuller, Elizabeth James. *John Logan* to David Boillatt for five dozen bottles at 15s, £3 15s. To John Beswick and Co., for goods of Smith. Adam and Sharp £995 5s 2d. Ann Wainwright for sundries £17. May 22d—John and William Guérin three pieces of brown rolls, gloves, thread hose &c.—Ogilvie and Forbes, Garlix and brown Holland, and boys thread hose, 15s. Nicholson and Bamfield, sugar, calico, & shoes. William Savage one Fan 40s, one piece of Nankeen 90s. Thomas Smith ten yards of white Chintz £22, four yards Durant 55s, Dishes, 62s 6d. David and John Deas, Portmanteau trunk £5 10s. Davies and Co., Garlix, buttons, brush and coffee. Downs and Jones, one blue breeches pattern £3 5s. Dacosta and Farr, tea. Daniel Doyley, one hogshead of sugar. John Jones, Mitts and salt. Ancrum, Lance and Loockock, one bottle of oil £1. May 23d—Alexander Garden, one pair of calico shoes and ribbon. Ann Wainwright one piece of cambrick £8. Peter Butler, ribbon and shoes. Levi Durand, girls mitts, one sett knives and forks, ribbon and shoes, twenty yards of gauze, £10. Benjamin Fuller six pair of knitted cotton hose, 65s, pair of Pinchbeck Buckles 35s. Thomson and Hunter six dozen gilt breast buttons. *Martha Logan* canvas, three hams, three pair of calico shoes, twelve pounds of candles, one water Jug at 15s, four pair of gloves, two tumblers, one sugar-dish, two bottles of Mustard £3 15s. Nicholas Zorn

Henry Crum, rum and sugar. Sarah Boddie. Dunbar and Young one bottle of Walnut catsup. Richard Capers, £21 7s 7d. Alexander Tuffe. May 28th—Estate of Richard Capers, £8. William Capers for black mitts 12s. John Sweet, Wm. Lloyd. Mary Douxsaint, nine yards of white Chintz. James Kirkwood one socket spade, £1 7s 6d. Robert Wright fifty yards of Osnabrigs. Charles Dewar, three yards of Crown Mantua. Joseph Whilden, rum, powder, shot; and eight yards of linen. William Trewin calico shoes, and spectacles 65s.. Samuel Cardy, osnabrigs. Estate of William Fuller, one set of pinchbeck buckles £1 15s. Charles Pinckney one osnabrigs shirt, one pair breeches £1 5s; Richard Hart four kegs of red lead £12 Josiah Perry £38. Hester Bonhoste sugar and tea, and a cotton gown £5. May 30th—Thomas Bee, one silk hat 60s. one pair *Flour Faces* 25s. John Hon, breeches and knee garters, gloves and cotton hose, silk twist and buttons £20. Elizabeth Hunt, two osnabrigs frocks and two pair of breeches. Henry Young, sattin ribbon. Thomas and William Ellis and Co. John Hume, one pair women's mitts. *John Logan* to John Hon £8 for a child's crib. Jennet and Wilson. June 1761. Andrew Marr, Margaret Saunders, one black silk hat £3. David Singletary, garlix. June 8th. *John Logan*, for a riding chair £211, Joseph Dramus. *Martha Logan*, one set dish matts, 5s. 3d. two gallons of rum 55s. and nails. John Lindar, clothing £54. Josiah Pendarvis, paper, pen knife, quills, one handkerchief one bible. William McLaughling, calico shoes £1 15s. John and William Guérin, ten yards of grey Sagathie, twist, breast buttons, brown Hollands

knee garters, desk lock, bottle of snuff at 25s." This store was kept in the former mansion of his grandfather *Col. George*, his parents were *George Logan* and *Martha Daniell*, as I shall show you in a subsequent table—his first wife Mary Baker died in 1751 and in 1757 he married Margaret, the daughter of Mr. Crokatt, a merchant, and removed from St. George's parish to Charleston. His mother and other relatives are shown as purchasers from him. Her name will ever live as associated with horticulture, she having written "A Treatise on Gardening" when 70 years of age, and died in 1779 aged 77 years, wasted but majestic still, shrunken yet neither melancholly or austere, never enveloping her house in gloom, nor banishing comfort from her board; but happy and cheerful to the last. Possessed of a high order of intellect, great energy and a noble perseverance, crowned by sound practical piety, and busy in good works she descended peacefully to the grave. How consoling the reflection, that the hour which to the unwary and unwatchful would have been one of darkness and terror was to her the eve of the blessed Sabbath of Eternity, the thresh-hold and the portal of a world of endless joy. Alas! how little are we influenced and impressed by the solemn records of death around us. Friend after friend departs; the circle of our acquaintance is narrowed, ever sounding the proclamation with fresh emphasis in our ears "Be ye also ready" for your departure hence.

You have read in "Our Forefathers" of John Watson, the English gardener of Mrs. Henry Laurens; he afterwards formed a spacious garden for himself on the ground where Dr. Deas now has a fine dwelling on Chap-

el Street, near the North Eastern Rail Road Depot and subsequently on a larger lot stretching from King to and beyond Meeting Street, erecting the first Nursery garden in Carolina, from which he introduced several productions of ours into the public gardens of England. This good example was highly influential, others caught the diffusive ray; Robert Squibs did honor to the Province by circulating its curious indigenous plants. These promising attempts were all laid waste in the Revolution. At the siege of Charleston in 1780 Col. Jno. Laurens and his light infantry prepared and brought facines of choice exotics, with elegant shrubbery from his father's Eastern Paradise to the lines, repaired the breaches in the fortifications, where most required and then resumed their post of danger in front of the Horn-works. His mother you have been told died in 1770. Watson's garden was revived after the war and continued for many years, as we observe that in the paper of Friday the 23d. of December 1785, printed by J. V. Burd and R. Haswell, No. 24 East Bay at \$5.00 per annum, he has the following notice "Fresh seeds at my garden near Charleston, John Watson." The same paper offers for sale "150 bbls. of Tar and 50 of Turpentine in lots of ten barrels, by Gibbes and Graham." "Jacob Jacobs has a negro wench and child for sale." "Choice London particular Madeira wine, No. 5 Elliott street, by William McWhann." "Demands against the Estate of Mr. John Balfour of Cheraw District will render an account to William Lindsey, No. 46 Bay." "The creditors of Richard Latham, gunsmith, apply to Joseph Gaultire." "Garden seeds just arrived by Captain Jay, sold by William Lee 127 King street."

“For St. Eustatia the Schooner Betsey, apply to the Captain or to Jeremiah Brower 98 King street.” “A very elegant assortment of Silks, Sattins, Ribbons and Edgings: Soap, Wine in cases, Oil in barrels, and a few hundred bushels of St. Ube’s Salt. Tobacco will be taken in payment, Harry Grant No. 90 Meeting street; and all persons indebted to the same, or to Grant Simons are requested as soon as their Crops come to Market to make payment; those who cannot accomplish the whole, surely as honest men, they can have no objection to give their Bonds. For sale a *complete* set of Drawing Room Furniture just imported for a gentleman who means to leave the State, to be sold cheap for Cash.” “Three guineas reward for Collins or Dick run away.” “Wine, coal and citron, in boxes to be sold on board the ship Thomas, Capt. Hail, at Jervy and Walter’s wharf, apply to Mr. William Macleod and Co. No. 17 Elliot street.” “For sale a remarkably fine *handy handsome Mulatto boy*, fifteen years of age.” “Quantity of Lumber by Primrose and Thomson for sale.” “Thayer and Bartle have on hand for sale, Brandy, Riding Chairs, and one Kittareen.” “The brig Sally at Scott’s wharf.” “Horses for sale by Richard Humphreys.” “At 113 Broad street for cash only, a few tons of Brazillitto, Lignum-Vitæ, Mahogany in large logs, and Coffee; by the sloop Aurora, Capt. William Eve, from New Providence, Daniel O’Hara.” For London a new British-built ship, Charlotte (wife of George the third,) John Pitt, Commander, at Prioleau’s wharf.” “Lawson, Price and Co. to Harry Grant for sale two hundred barrels Turpentine, Negro cloth, Blankets and Irish Linens.” “For London the

ship Sally, J. Creighton Master, for freight or passage apply to Thompson and Lenox No. 105 Broad street." "For Liverpool the ship Thompson, Joseph Bell Commander." "For sale or charter, for any Port within the Straits (being provided with a Mediterranean Pass) or any Port in France or Spain; the ship America, Edward Allen Commander, apply to him or to Daniel Bourdeaux." "The beautiful fast-sailing ship George, lying opposite Russell's wharf, apply to Arthur Harper on board or to Daniel O'Hara." "Best Brocaded Lutestrings for sale." "Arnoldus Vanderhorst, Intendant of Charleston, 1785." Thus end our gleanings, lest we neglect to return and inhale the balmy zephyrs of those Gardens of which we were speaking so cheerily. In the late volume "Our Forefathers," you have had a full account of the celebrated traveller and botanist of 1786, André Michaux, who established a botanic garden ten miles from Charleston, now all passed away: from which we have had the Fragrant Bay, the Citterina, and the Tea-plant or fragrant Olive. More than a century ago, Mrs. Lamboll had in the south-west extremity of King street, a garden richly stored with flowers and vegetables for family use. *Mrs. Martha Logan* and *Mrs. Hopton*, emulated the good example, in Meeting, George, Logan and King streets, on spots now covered with fine buildings of various sorts. The former lady, you will ever remember as the eldest daughter of the last Proprietary Governor, Robert Daniell, who died in 1718; she was married at the age of 15 to the eldest son of Col. George Logan, who came from Aberdeen in Scotland at a very early period. And when in our next letter you have had the family tables you will be con-

strained to confess that not even Mr. Charles Fraser himself with all his Legendary lore could surpass our laborious research on this subject Alike in taste we are now in age, fast resigning the pen to others, since like Autumn leaves, seared, shrivelled and wan; Nature and Providence are summoning us to be gathered to our fathers; whilst the shades of our many departed friends rise up before us warning that it is time to follow them to that land of rest The companions of our youth, and the associates of our middle age where are they? Even he, with his comforts thick about him, continuing in the habitation long possessed and surrounded by wise, active and obliging gentlemen must sometimes find himself almost a solitary being in the midst of a new generation. whose faces are all strange to him as his must be to them We are told that in him is to be found every thing open, frank and truthful; experience has enlarged his mind and improved his former ideas of many things, guarding against the evil man's insidious snares and temptations he is nearing his end in peace. And as Job tells us that "Days speak and multitude of years speak wisdom" let us be thankful for the guidance of those who have learned much by experience.

Yours,

THE ANCIENT LADY.

LETTER IV.

Summerville, Tuesday, 14th August, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

WE will return to

“Those who speak to us of other years
E’re we had learned the world was full of tears.”

ROBERT DANIELL.

Whilst the correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Washington City, in 1864—8, gives us “Glimpses of the Future,” we, more wise, will take a “Peep into the Past” where we shall find told by our historians that Governor Archdale having, in 1696, finished his negotiations in Carolina, returned to Britain. Before he embarked the Council presented to him an address, to be transmitted to the Proprietors, expressing “the deep sense they had of their Lordships’ paternal care for the colony, in the appointment of a man of such ability and integrity to the government, who had been so happily instrumental in establishing its peace and security.” This was laid before them, together with an account of the state of the country, and the regulations he had established in it, showing the necessity of abolishing many articles in the constitutions, and framing a new plan of government. Accordingly forty-one different articles were drawn up and sent out by Major

Robert Daniell in 1698. However when Gov. Joseph Blake laid these new laws before the assembly for their assent and approbation, they treated them as they had done the former constitutions, laying them aside.

In 1700, when James Moore succeeded Joseph Blake as Governor, Daniell, Trott, Rhett and Dearsley were his adherents.

In 1702 Governor Moore made the expedition against St. Augustine. Port Royal was the place of rendezvous, and in September, at the head of his warriors, he embarked. Col. Daniell, with a detached party, was sent by the inland passage to make a descent on the town from the land, whilst the main body should proceed by sea and block up the harbor. The brave Colonel entered and plundered the town before their arrival in sight. The Spaniards, with four months' provisions, their money and most valuable effects, had retired to their invincible castle. As they could not be dislodged without suitable artillery, the valiant Colonel was dispatched with a sloop to Jamaica to procure them. But, in the meantime, the Governor was induced to raise the siege, by the appearance of two Spanish ships of sixteen and twenty-two guns near the mouth of the harbor. He abandoned his ships and retreated to Carolina by land, leaving his vessels, provisions and ammunition, to enrich the enemy.

Col. Daniell, standing in for St. Augustine, found, to his surprise, the deranged state of affairs, and with difficulty made his escape. We lost only two men in this expedition, but it entailed on the young colony a debt of six thousand pounds sterling. Four years after that they came to return us the compliment of an attack.

The Governor, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, hastened down from his plantation of "Silk Hope," in St. Thomas' Parish' (where, in 1713, he was buried, and his grave is well cared for to the present time). A troop of horse, commanded by Capt. George Logan, soon arrived. Mr. Rhett, possessd of conduct and spirit, was commissioned Vice-Admiral of our little fleet, all of which has been repeated in "the Carolina of the Olden Time," how nearly three hundred of the foe were killed or taken prisoners, and how the Governor publicly thanked us for the unanimity and courage shown in repelling the invaders.

On the 15th of April, 1715, commenced the frightful Indian massacre, when Gov. Craven marched against the largest body of savages. He appointed Col. Daniell Deputy Governor in his absence. In 1713, on the death of Sir Anthony Craven, the Governor received permission to return to England, yet he would not abandon the Province whilst menaced with danger. John Earl, of Bath, having succeeded Craven as Palatine, several persons of character and influence in Carolina were created Landgraves, among whom were Edmund Bellinger, John Baley and Robert Daniell. Craven, on his departure for England in 1716, left Daniell to fill the office of Governor until the pleasure of their masters should be known. During his term, in 1717, a change was made in electing the members of Assembly. He too joined in complaints against the government, which could not protect the people, anxiously desiring to be taken under the protection of a powerful sovereign. Robert Johnson arrived with a commission from London, given by Lord Carteret, bearing date April 30th, 1717, investing him with the

government of the Province, to which office a salary of four hundred pounds sterling was annexed.

Col. Daniell cheerfully retired to Daniell's Island, where he died on the 7th of May, 1718, aged 72, and there was first buried. His name has become extinct, and his lands possessed by strangers. He has descendants, however, amongst the Glens, Parkers, Lawrences, and the Gantts. But the Logan family are the nearest relatives now living. Colored crayon portraits of the Governor and his wife, taken in the reign of the "good Queen Anne," are in the keeping of their great-grand-daughter (Miss Honoria Logan). The Governor left a widow and five children. His widow married Col. George Logan, and died in 1742. Martha, his eldest child, was united to George, the eldest son of Col. George Logan (her step-father), from whom Mr. William Logan, (39 years our respected Librarian) was descended in a direct line. He having been the eldest male of the oldest branch, shall subsequently have a "Family Table" of his own. Robert, the Governor's eldest son, married Helen, the daughter of Col. George Logan, from whom are the Lawrences and Parkers, of St. Thomas' Parish. John, the Governor's second son, removed to North Carolina. Sally Daniell married Mr. Blakenay; they left no child. Anne, her sister, married Mr. Conway, by whom, or his descendants, Conwayborough, in this State, was settled.

To the memory of Gov. Robert Daniell, a slab, with suitable inscriptions, was placed by his daughter Martha on the family vault, built by her order in St. Philip's Church Yard. The new church extends over

this vault, which is now directly under the altar, north of which the slab has been placed, as forming part of the pavement around it. There was a corresponding one to Col. George Logan, her husband's father, which was too much mutilated when our holy and beautiful temple, where our fathers worshipped, was burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things destroyed, to be placed in the new sanctuary, but has been fixed in the lot of ground east of it, allotted the Logan family, in lieu of the family vault over which it extends. In removing the remains of Gov. Daniell from their first place of sepulture, on the island which continues to bear his name, the headstone which marked the spot (now so appropriately presented to the Historical Society of our city,) was thrown back and covered up in the grave, where it lay unheeded or unsought for. Its final discovery was wholly providential. Mr. Mitchell (I have understood it to have been the father of our respectable barrister, Mr. Nelson Mitchell), in having a deep excavation made on the plantation, came across the relic of 1718, which he thoughtfully and generously presented to Mrs. Parker, of George street—whose maiden name was Lawrence. To her it has proved a treasured gift—and we are made happy by finding what a proper appropriation she has made of it.

“Are all the memories of life
Buried when life has fled?
Are we forbid to keep again
The birth-days of the dead?”

GEORGE E. SHIRLEY.

COL. GEORGE LOGAN.

In fulfillment of my promise, I now proceed to give you a Logan Family Table—a name which preceded that of Daniell in the Province—from its union with which it seems not to have borrowed any of its lustre, having always stood forth prominently good and patriotic from a very early period of the settlement. Indeed, we seem scarcely ever to have been without a George Logan. One of that name is to be found in 1698 (the year of Col. Daniell's arrival), as one of the witnesses, along with F. Randolph, George Dearsley, John Fenning and Jonathan Amory, to the deed recording the gift of seventeen acres of land to the English Church, by that lady of eminent piety and liberality, Mrs. Affra Coming, late wife of Capt. John Coming, deceased, at that time called “Land situated on the north side of Ashley river, next to Charles Town, in Berkley county,” now the streets of Wentworth, Coming, Beaufain, Glebe and St. Philip.

At the period of the formation of the St. George's Society, in honor of the patron of England, on the 23d of April, 1733, John Bayley, Esq., was chosen President. and, at night, they had an elegant supper at the house of Robert Raper, Esq., in Raper's Court. On the 21st of July, 1733, there was a call for the first quarterly meeting, to be held at the house of Mr.

William Pinckney, on East Bay, on Monday, the 23d inst. His grand-daughter now occupies the same mansion. At that time, Trooper Poinsett's house is mentioned as at the southeast corner of Church and Elliott streets, opposite across the latter, to that of Col. George Logan. His son George it was who married Martha Daniell. Their son William was married to Mary, the daughter of Mr. Richard Baker, of Ashley river, on the 17th day of January, 1750. Their son George was born in Charleston, on a Sunday, February 3, 1751. Mary, the wife of William Logan, died at Bacon's Bridge, above Dorchester (where he lived and had rice stores), on the 25th of December, 1751. She was buried at her father's plantation, in St. Andrew's Parish. Mr. William Logan married, as his second wife, Margaret, the daughter of Mr. John Crockatt, merchant in Charleston, on the 21st of June, 1757. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, of St. Philip's Church. Martha their daughter, was born in Charleston, on the 28th of October, 1758, and died January 5, 1760. Margaret, the second wife of William Logan, died in Charleston, Tuesday, the 17th of May, 1785, aged 49 years, 1 month and 2 days. She was buried by the side of old Mrs. Ramsay's tombstone, on the north of St. Philip's Church. George, the son of William and Mary Logan, died on Tuesday, the 16th day of July, 1793, at Salem, in New England, at Capt. Edward Allen's, and was buried in Mr. Mason's family vault, aged 42 years, 5 months and 2 days, leaving a widow and four children, viz: William, the future Librarian; George, the Physician; Christian. Muldrup and Honoria.

Mr. Wm. Logan survived his only son, George, nine years, and died in Charleston, June 5th, 1802, aged 75 years, 4 months and 17 days. His son George was married in Leith, Scotland, on Tuesday, the 28th of February, 1775, by the Rev. Wm. Buchan, Minister of St. James' Chapel, to Honoria, the eldest daughter of Christian Muldrup, his Danish Majesty's Consul for Scotland and North England. William, their son, was born on Thursday, evening, 6 o'clock, January 4th, 1776, in Charter Square, Hoxdown, London, and was privately baptized by the Rev. Mr. Crompton of Shore-ditch Church, and registered by the Rev. Mr. Smith, in St. Philip's Church, Charleston.

George, their son, was born in Charleston, January 4th, 1778, baptized by the Rev. Mr. Smith.

Honoria, their first daughter, was born September 21st, 1779, and died an infant. Christian Muldrup, born in Charleston, June 29th, 1781, baptized by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins; he died in August, 1856, and was buried in St. Philip's Church yard.

Honoria Eliza Muldrup, the second daughter, was born in Charleston, November 8th, 1783, and was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Smith, the future Bishop.

Mr. William Logan died at the old family house, in Archdale-street, after a short illness, of dropsy on the chest, the 6th of July, 1854, on Thursday morning, at half-past 8 o'clock, aged 78 years, 6 months and 2 days. He had been Librarian of the Charleston Library thirty-nine years. He was educated for the Bar, and had been, in former years, a member of Council, and exhibited, throughout his protracted existence, the virtues of a good citizen and those which belong to the domestic and

other relations of life. He had married, as his first wife, Mary Doughty, daughter of John Webb and his wife Mary Doughty, who were married at Mr. Daniel Cannon's house in Queen-street, next west of the Planter's Hotel, on Tuesday, the 3d of January, 1769. There Mary D. Webb was born, the 10th of July, 1778. She died June 5th, 1818. Her children were William (who intermarried with Miss Mary Ann Young); Martha, the widow of Mr. James Coward; Honoria, the wife of Mr. William Howe, of Spartanburg; and George Christian who married Miss Rose Turner. Mr. Wm. Logan's second wife was Miss Martha Cannon Webb, a cousin of his first wife. She died at her residence in Cannonsboro', Sunday night, the 12th of March, 1843, aged 59 years and ten months, and was buried in St. Philip's Yard. She left two children, Mary Webb Logan and Edward Charles Logan—the teacher of the Berresford Bounty School in St. Thomas' Parish, where he also preaches as an Episcopalian minister: being a very good and useful man in his generation—the efficient friend of the widow and the fatherless, to whom his well-ordered home has proved a safe and happy asylum. Emulating the virtues of "his forefathers," may he long endure as an ornament to the names of Webb and Logan.

“Ah well do we remember those
Whose names these records bear :
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer—
Their happy faces see we yet
Whilst thrilling memories come !
Again that loving group has met
Within the walls of home ! ” G. P. MORRIS.

WEBB TABLE.

John Webb was born on Saturday, the 22d of September, 1744, old style: Mary Doughty, on the 28th of July, 1749, old style, on Friday. They were married on Tuesday, the 3d of January, 1769, new style, at the ages of twenty-five and twenty. This union took place at the house of Mr. Daniel Cannon, in Queen street, next west of the Planters' Hotel, now known as Mrs. McMillan's boarding establishment, but in those warm-hearted and romantic times designated as "The Mansion of Friendship," whilst his seat on Goose Creek, about ten miles from Charleston, bore the inviting appellation of "the Happy Retreat."

Mr. WEBB, at that time and long after, resided on the north side of Moore-street (now Horlbeck alley), on the site of Mr. Paul Pritchard's new house, near which the brick kitchen of the "olden time" is yet to be seen, in a habitable state. A letter of August 26th, 1797, affords the following information: "Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell that my father has removed from his favorite house in Moore to one in Wentworth-street it is more retired and nearer his business; a very pleasant situation." The first child of John and Mary

Webb was born on Thursday, the 12th of September, 1771, new style; she was called Mary Elizabeth, and died on the 24th of August, 1775. Their son William was born on Friday, the 4th of December, 1772; died 22d September, 1773. Second son, John, born on 23d of December, 1773; died 21st of March, 1779. The fourth child was Sarah Peronneau, born the 8th of October, 1775, and died on the 23d of the same month. Fifth was Thomas Doughty, 29th of November, 1776, and died on the 16th of March, 1779, only five days before his brother John, who was then six years of age, he three. The sixth child was Mary Doughty; she came into existence on the 10th of July, 1777; subsequently became the beloved wife of William Logan (our valuable Librarian of thirty-nine years' duration). She died on the 5th of June, 1818, as shown in a previous table, leaving four children, William, Martha, Honoria and George Christian. The widower intermarried with her first cousin, Martha Cannon Webb, who died at her residence in Cannonsboro' on Sunday night, the 12th of March, 1843, aged 59 years and 10 months leaving a daughter, Mary Webb, and son, Edward Charles Logan. The seventh child was Harriet Pinckney; she was born on the 22d of March, 1781, and died September 7th, 1782. The eighth and last child was Daniel Cannon, who was born on the 11th of July, 1782, and died suddenly, yet not unprepared for the awful summon, in the year 1850.

Mr. William Logan and Miss Mary Doughty Webb were united in 1798—he at the age of twenty-two, she twenty. A letter of her's, bearing date November 2d, 1805, to her mother-in-law (Mrs. Honoria Logan), then

in Wilmington, Delaware, (on which she had to pay 25 cents) postage lies now before me. You shall have a part of its contents :

“My dear father (Mr. John Webb) is ill indeed. Oh ! you do not know, dear mother, how it distresses your poor child to witness his situation. Mr. L. will take him to Marysville, Goose Creek, as soon as he can be removed. We would all accompany them if it was not for my brother’s wedding, which, I suppose, will take place some day this month, although not yet positively fixed upon. Mrs. Foster (the charming young widow, Mrs. Miles Brewton, of the Revolution) and family, have removed up this week, with all her scholars, from Sullivan’s Isle ; therefore, we suppose that we shall soon hear further of the coming event.”

Another epistle, from the same to the same, dated December 8th, 1805, runs thus :

“The first and most interesting piece of intelligence that I have for you, my dear mother, is that my dear brother is happily united to his amiable Miss Eliza Ladson, and I was so fortunate as to be able to be present on this pleasing occasion, which, you may suppose, was no small gratification to me. The bride looked very genteel and pretty ; her style was extremely plain—nothing but a fine India muslin, without work, trimmed with handsome lace around the neck and sleeves, with a very wide footing let in the front and sleeves. She wore a silk cord and tassel around her waist. Her hard-dress was a silk net with two ostrich feathers, which was very becoming. The company were sociable and agreeable. But Mr. Logan tells me he has

given Honoria a particular account of the wedding, so that I refer you to his letter.

“We have at last prevailed on my aunt (Miss Martha Cannon) to give us an evening party next week, and Aunt Thomas Doughty also gives one; and then we are to try our best, poor things; I don’t know how we are to make out. How I wish our dear mother and the rest of the family were here to join our little company. Your nice present of sweetmeats and nuts have come in a most acceptable time. Many thanks to you for them. I do not hear of any other parties in agitation. Uncle William Doughty will not give one on account of the death of his grandchild, and my valued friend, Becky Gaillard, has again been visited by the hand of affliction in the loss of her dear little boy in his fourth year, and has come to town to get the advice of the physician, her own health having failed. Even I ventured to dance at the wedding; having no other brother to be married, how could I avoid it? I send you some of my new ratifia to drink with the cake, as my good man intends sending his piece. He and Cousin Martha Webb are both so sleepy that they are hurrying me to finish. The children (William and Martha) thank grandmother for the nuts. Our brother C. M. Logan’s wife (Sarah Chanler) looks well, and is in fine spirits.”

In 1806 she writes :

“We see by the paper that Major Snipes is dead; it is really astonishing how that family is dropping off. (He was the parent of Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Cochran, and the two Mrs. Fishburns, noble ladies all in after life.)

Sally Capers is at last married to Dr. Jervey; also, Miss Dawson to Dr. George Hall."

He was the brother of Mrs. Ingraham; they were the parents of Dr. John Dawson Hall, who was first united to Septima Thayer, and left as his widow, Mary, a daughter of Col. John Bryan and Eliza C. Legaré.) "We dined at Goose Creek, last week, with Mrs. Mazzyck. Jane Smith is with her aunt. Poor girl, she is really in bad health, and I suspect that is what prevents her wedding taking place." She became the wife of her first cousin (Mr. Thomas Stock) that Spring (1806), went to Pennsylvania with her aunt, Mrs. Thompson, and the Misses Elizabeth and Polly Ann Smith. The sufferer ended her youthful days at Germantown, seven miles from Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Stock were the grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Young, who gave the name to the bridge that formerly crossed the creek where Water-street now stands.

We will return to the old gentleman, Mr. Webb, who had lost his wife Mary Doughty, on the 23d of October, 1782—aged 33 years, 2 months and 24 days. When the future Mrs. Logan was only five years old, she passed into the family of her grandfather Daniel Cannon, and under the especial care of that best of women, Miss Martha Cannon. On the 30th of March, 1786, Mr. Webb took as his second partner in life Elizabeth Legaré. Their son John was born January 29th, 1787, and died July 3d, 1787. Their daughter Sarah Peronneau was born October 24th, 1778. She intermarried with her cousin Joseph Legaré, and died in 1830. Mrs. Elizabeth Webb, the mother, died September 28th, 1789. Mr. John Webb, the above "pater

familia,' died suddenly on his way from Columbia to Charleston, on Monday, the 28th of December, 1807, and his lifeless body carried home to his family by the man-servant travelling with his master.

Mr. Webb had attained to the age of 63 years and 2 months. The days of his life were not few, his thin hair was now waxing gray, and many a bitter grief had fallen to his lot; yet how overwhelming to his relatives and wide circle of friends was this crushing calamity! Yet it is not for us to question, but adore, the workings of Providence, and to go forth, convinced that He who does all things well, is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Rudely were the confiding hearts of his children and others torn asunder and ravished with wild and aching grief, by this afflictive stroke, yet they bowed in humble submission beneath the rod.

THE ANCIENT LADY.

Thursday Morning, February 21, 1861.

The obituary column of to-day's *Courier* informs his numerous friends that the venerable and esteemed Dr. George Logan has passed into the spirit-land.

We can add nothing to the warm and touching tribute. Dr. Logan was beloved for his many virtues, and among the excellencies that beautified his character none shone with brighter lustre than integrity and tenderness. His calm passage across the dark river was in fine keeping with the smooth and even course of his life.

MEDICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

At the regular meeting of this Society, held on March 1st, 1861, the following preamble and resolutions were offered: A few months since, this Society was assembled to render the last tribute of respect and affection to one of its most esteemed and useful members. Again, death has entered our circle, and stricken down a venerable father of the profession—the next senior member of our Society—Dr. GEORGE LOGAN—who departed this life in the City of New Orleans, on Wednesday, the 13th ultimo, in the 84th year of his age.

Dr. Logan was a native of this City, and passed nearly his whole life here. After completing his academic course, he commenced the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Tucker Harris, one of the founders of the Medical Society; and after a thorough probationary course, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine,

and was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in the spring of 1801.

Soon after he returned to his native city and commenced the practice of his profession, and obtained a respectable share of the patronage and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He was elected a member of the Medical Society on April 1st, 1803. During the war of 1812 he received the commission of Post Surgeon in the Navy of the United States, and was stationed in this city, receiving wounded and sick seamen in a private hospital provided for that purpose. The duties of this position he discharged with that humane devotion and skill which was peculiar to his character and feelings. He continued to hold the commission in the Navy until the year 1829, when he resigned.

For several years he was elected by the City Council as Physician to several of the city Institutions, and for a period of forty-four years consecutively, he was the kind, benevolent, and esteemed Physician of the Orphan House. His unprecedented success as a practitioner of medicine in that institution is well remembered in this community. The blandness of his manner, the parental, affectionate intercourse with his patients, and more particularly with the inmates of the institution, were peculiar and striking to observers, and is most eloquently and touchingly sketched by the honored and venerable Chairman of the institution, whose constant official connection with our departed friend for many years, is a faithful eulogy of his worth :

“From much and long intercourse with him, I learned to appreciate the mild forbearance, benevolence of his temper, the purity and high moral motives of his

every action, and the elevated Christian principles which pervaded and adorned his whole character. His tenderness and condescending kindness to the little inmates of the Orphan House, as their physician, have often excited my admiration and taught me a lesson of humility, while his judicious, successful professional management of disease commanded my respect. At the time of his resignation from the institution, in consequence of increasing infirmities of age, he left but one feeling amid its inmates, old and young, and that sentiment was of universal regret at parting with their friend and benefactor."

Amongst his private patients and students he manifested the same benevolent, affectionate intercourse, inspiring a sentiment of admiration and filial regard towards the good and Christian physician. He has finished his work, and like the Patriarch of old, "he fell asleep at the setting of the sun," and was translated to the "Spirit Land." Be it therefore,

Resolved, That the Medical Society of South Carolina have learned with deep regret of the death of the late Dr. GEORGE LOGAN, one of the oldest members of this Society.

Resolved, That the Medical Society will wear the usual badge of mourning for their venerable brother.

Resolved, That these proceedings be recorded on the minutes of the Society, and a copy signed by the officers, and sent to the family of the deceased.

On motion, the preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be published in the daily papers.

D. J. CAIN, M. D.,

President M. S.

F. LEJAU PARKER, M. D., Secretary.





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